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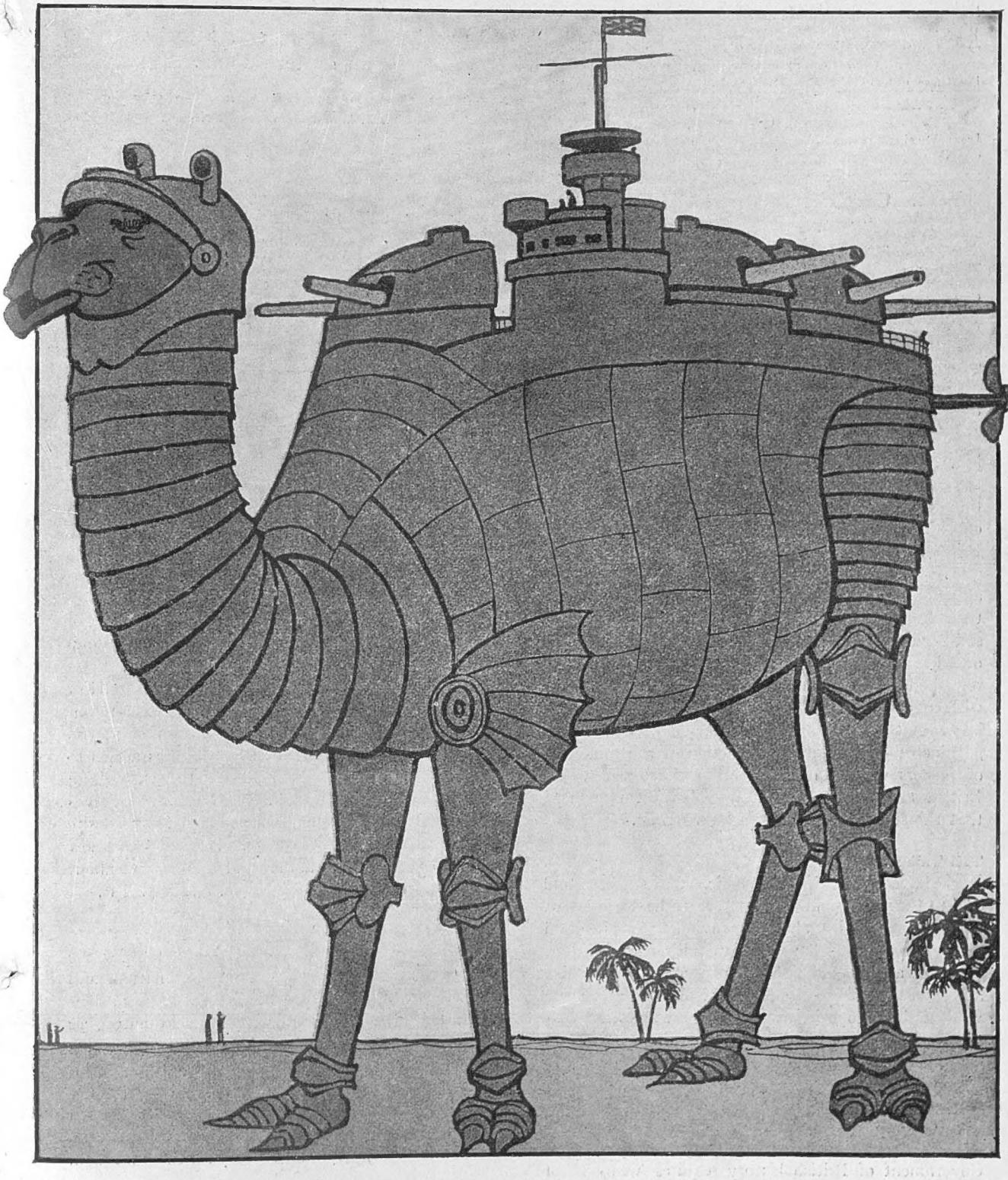
The BYSTANDER



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The First British Super-Dreadnought for use against the Turks in Egypt, designed on behalf of the British Government by a friendly Viennese cartoonist

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Bystander Comments

[These notes give the Editor's view of the way of the War. The lighter side of life, social and theatrical, is dealt with under separate headings on other pages.]

The Question of the Hour

"WHAT are we out for, and how do we get there?" is the question now on the lips of all thinking Britons, in and out of khaki. Ready as ever to do and die, ours is, after all, a democracy, the most advanced in all the world, and when men lay down their lives for their Government's policy on *foreign* soil—quite a different matter from defending their own hearths and homes—they like periodically to be refreshed with knowledge of what that policy is; also with confidence that the men who are giving the orders know what they are about. On the field itself, as men go much more gallantly into action at the command of officers who know their business, so the whole British nation will go more readily if it is assured that the statesmen of Britain know theirs.

***

Tall Talk

We have had much fine rhetoric. We have been told that the small nations are to be freed; that France is to have back her lost provinces; that Belgium is to be cleared; that Prussian militarism is to be crushed, and we all agree that those are very fine ambitions. But we are a practical race, and when we hear big propositions unfolded the question that always leaps to our lips is, "How are you going to carry it out, and how much will it cost?"

***

A Matter of Numbers

To execute the programme as stated so eloquently by the most eloquent—I will not say loquacious—Government of British history requires weapons of adequate size. We know our Army is brave, gallant, and resourceful, that our men, individually, are equal to, if not better than, any in Europe. But we also know that numbers, in modern warfare, count out of all relation to the loftiness of the ideals of those who manipulate them. We know that Britain and France must be able to put at least equal numbers against Germany in order not merely to win victories, but to stave off defeats.

***

How Much?

Now when, to resume the "business" style of comment, a man with a beautiful scheme comes into the office of the British business man he is invariably asked, if the scheme is approved, "How much do you ask for to carry it out?" It is not enough for the schemer to say, "Oh, as much as you can let me have." Even the man who has access to all the gold of the Indies is not going to part with all of it, if all of it is not wanted. Neither, if he believes the proposition offered him is a good one, does he desire to spoil it by offering too little. He wants to know exactly *how much* is wanted, and then to set about getting it, by fair means if possible, but getting it.

***

Wanted—an Estimate

The practical people of Great Britain, told by the Germans that they are a business nation, and rather flattered thereat, are anxious to live up to their reputation in the present vast business enterprise which their Ministers have embarked upon—the crushing, refining, and reduction to pacific gold-dust, of the rough ore of Prussian militarism. The men who have undertaken the gigantic task must tell us their estimate of the amount of capital (in flesh, blood, and bones) they want to carry the thing through.

***

"Business is Business"

What they are at present saying to us is what my beautiful dreamer says after extolling the loftiness of his ideals and the beauty of his beliefs: "Give me as much as you can." Our reply is that

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Put to the Test

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, U.S.A.: "Sakes alive!! Seems like I'm goin' to prove that water is thicker than blood, after all!!"

we *can* give as much as is *wanted*, with a bit extra for emergencies, and another lot later on, if the first doesn't prove enough. But we must know your requirements, based on your expert calculations. We respect your dreams, but—" business is business." We are in this war not only for sentiment, but also for success. We are not content merely to " do our best, in the circumstances." We want to do the thing we set out to do, and—excuse me, gentle reader—damn the circumstances!

***

Peace Terms à la Bottomley

I happened to be present at what was called a "patriotic rally" held at the Albert Hall, at which the principal speaker was Mr. Horatio Bottomley. Mr. Bottomley speaks to the million, and has the ear of the million, and is able to influence the million. He favoured his audience, which was a vast one, with "terms of peace." With five out of six of them we are all agreed (the freedom of nationalities, restoration of lost provinces, expulsion of the Turk, neutralisation of the Kiel Canal, compensation to Belgium), but when Mr. Bottomley told his audience that the Kaiser and his son were to be " put up to auction to the lowest bidder," and that Germany was to be thrown back to the disunion of the pre-1870 period, he was misleading the million, and, incidentally, giving away the Allies' own case.

***

A Reductio ad Absurdum

If the Allies stand for the freedom of nations, they cannot put in any terms of peace conditions which will deprive the Germans of their

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

own freedom, to be ruled as a united nation by whom they choose. No treaty could ever be signed on that basis which did not follow the military conquest and permanent

BARON STEPHAN BURIAN

Austria's new Foreign Minister in succession to Count Berchtold. The true significance of the change has given rise to much speculation

occupation by the Allies of the German States—which, as Euclid would not have condescended to trouble to say, is absurd. If the Allies attempted anything of the kind, they would be perjuring their own souls. If nations are to be freed, the Germans must have their freedom too. It seems strange that a nation of intelligent men and women should fail to be reminded, by their leaders, of so obvious a proposition. I hope Mr. Bottomley will, for his next "rally," strike out this false item from an otherwise excellent invoice.

***

The Kaiser "Gives Satisfaction"

The war has revealed one thing unto us—and that is that the Kaiser, "warts and all," is a fairly accurate portrait of the German people, and that threats on our part to depose him will only have the effect of seating him more securely. The Germans think their Sovereign has done quite creditably a very difficult job. He has moved from one place to another with lightning celerity, said appropriate things to the right people, bestowed Orders broadcast, and generally played what the Germans think to be an heroic part.

***

The Hour that Led to "The Day"

Whether the Kaiser was, or was not, responsible for the war is another matter. The Germans believe not. The point is still, even at this hour, an open one for the Allies. I see in this connection that the Italian Professor, Andriulli, after studying the White, Blue, and Orange Books, has given the verdict against Germany. He gives as the hour which led to "the day" that on July 29 which elapsed between the dispatch of the first and second telegrams from "William" to "Nicholas" (it was, as a matter of fact, five hours). In telegram No. 1, the Kaiser shared the Tsar's desire for the preservation of peace, and believed that a direct understanding was possible between Russia and Austria. That telegram might have meant, so far as William was concerned, peace. Then a War Council took place (present the Chancellor, Foreign Secretary, and all the high naval and military authorities). At 1 a.m. William wired Nicholas that his Ambassador had had instructions to send the ultimatum, calling on Russia to stop mobilisation or take the consequences. The Italian professor traces the war to the decision of that War Council.

***

Was William's Hand Forced?

Now, the story has been circulated, and not denied, that that War Council was stormy, and that the pen which signed the telegram (practically the declaration of war) was in reality forced into William's hand by—they don't say the Crown Prince, but you can guess! For my part, I am inclined to accept this version. I do not believe that when William II. went on his yachting cruise in Norway, looking the picture of geniality, he had the ghost of an idea that war was really coming, though he probably knew there was going to be a diplomatic "shindy." But I do believe that William the Third (someday, perhaps—perhaps not) wanted it to come, and was determined it should come at all costs, and that he was strong enough, with the War Party, to force his father's hand.

***

Will He Repent?

Suppose history confirms this view of the actual cause of war, it will condemn William II. unsparingly; but it will put him in the category of Pontius Pilate rather than of Judas Iscariot. He has crucified Europe, washing his hands, because his people willed it should be so. The question is will he, at the eleventh hour, while life still lies in the body, use his power to remove it from the cross: to ask forgiveness, and to make reparation, and send to the lowest dungeon the rabble that forced his hand?

Photograph Sport and General

THE NEW LORD HUNTINGFIELD

Formerly Captain Charles Arcedeckne Vanneck, who has succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, the fourth Baron Huntingfield. He is a captain in the 13th Hussars

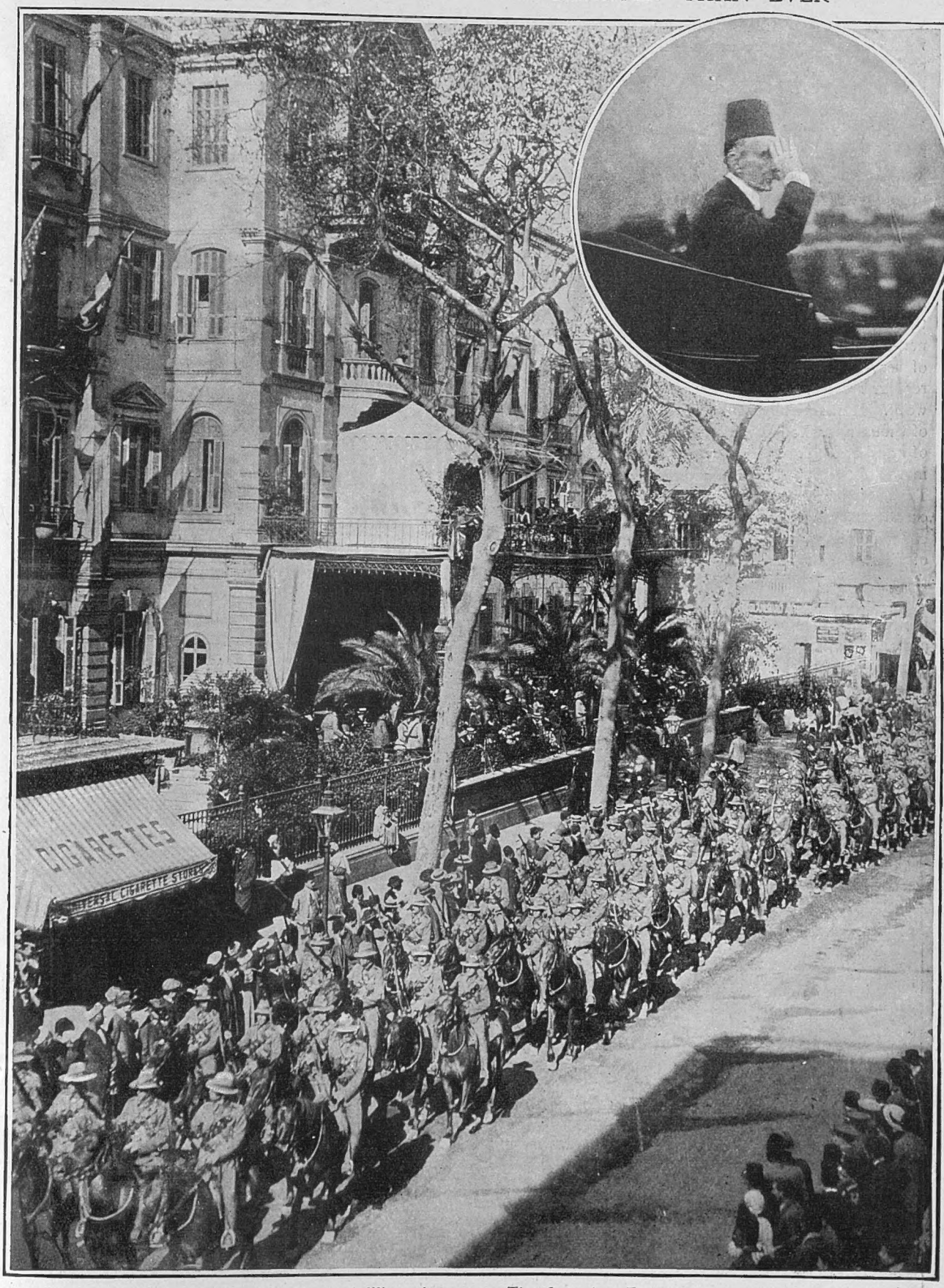
Photograph Lafayette

THE NEW EARL OF FEVERSHAM

Formerly Viscount Helmsley, M.P., and grandson of the late Earl of Feversham, who died on the 13th inst. He is a Lieut.-Colonel in the Yorkshire Hussars (Imperial Yeomanry)

The Season in Cairo

JANUARY CROWDS BIGGER AND SMARTER THAN EVER



The season in Cairo is, if anything, more brilliant than ever. The fact that Egypt is a seat of war, in a congenial climate and a picturesque setting, has attracted to it thousands of quite the best people. True, they are mostly of the male sex, and sartorially more uniform than ever, but they are undeniably smart, and their promenades about the place are most impressive. An interesting event of the near future will be a public meeting, somewhere near the Suez Canal, between the leading representatives of British, Indian, and Australian "Society," and some visitors from Germany and Turkey. The band is expected to play. Inset, the new Sultan arriving at Abdin Palace on the day of his accession

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The "Enlistable Volunteer"

An interesting situation has arisen in the Civil Volunteer movement. Men of military age, who are debarred by economic and domestic reasons from enlisting in the Regulars or Territorials, with the obligation for foreign service, are being elbowed out of the corps recognised by the War Office. This seems a pity, because the Civil Volunteers without men of fighting age could not fulfil so useful or prominent rôle in home defence as they could with them. Over-age corps have their uses, no doubt, but these must, of necessity, be strictly limited.

***

"Good and Sufficient Reasons"

The situation might have been saved had the Central Association shown a little more skill and firmness in their discussions with the War Office on the definition of a "good and sufficient reason" for non-enlistment. That officially given limits volunteers of service age to men who are physically unfit for regular service, or who are engaged on Government work. It practically rejects as Volunteers hundreds of thousands who have "good and sufficient reasons" of another kind. Had these men been able to enlist in the Regulars they would have done so long ago. Their very occupancy of responsible positions, with economic and domestic ties, puts them outside the category of "slackers." Among them are employers of labour, managers, chief engineers, foremen, secretaries, superintendents, head clerks, and others, whose continued presence at desk or counter or factory is necessary if industries are to be carried on. They are already keeping open the jobs, with salaries paid, of men on service, which would be lost for ever if the enterprise shut down. Among them are also those whose wives and families could not possibly subsist on the "separation allowance," and would end their days in penury, minus even life insurance, and possibly saddled with heavy debts into the bargain.

***

Willing Barkises—

In the event of invasion, the repelling of any enemy who could land ought to be a short, sharp, and decisive business. Responsible men of military age, with some military training, could make it shorter, sharper, and more decisive. While they would certainly abandon their desks or counters while that job was being done, they do not see their way to risking absence for the "duration of the war," which might be three, seven, or thirty years, and which might involve their despatch to Egypt, India, or the Antipodes. Had they been willing to take that risk they would be in the Army now.

***

—And What They Can Do

What can the willing Barkises now do? The Central Association frankly calls itself the War Office "organ," and calls for obedience accordingly. The War Office conditions are final. Yes! But England still remains a free country, and even wars have more or less to be carried on with the consent of the people. If an individual man, under voluntary service, desires to serve his country in the event of invasion, and if he finds hundreds of thousands of others in the same position, I know of no present law which would forbid the right of assembly to such men, and their practise of such "exercises" as they may believe to be physically beneficial

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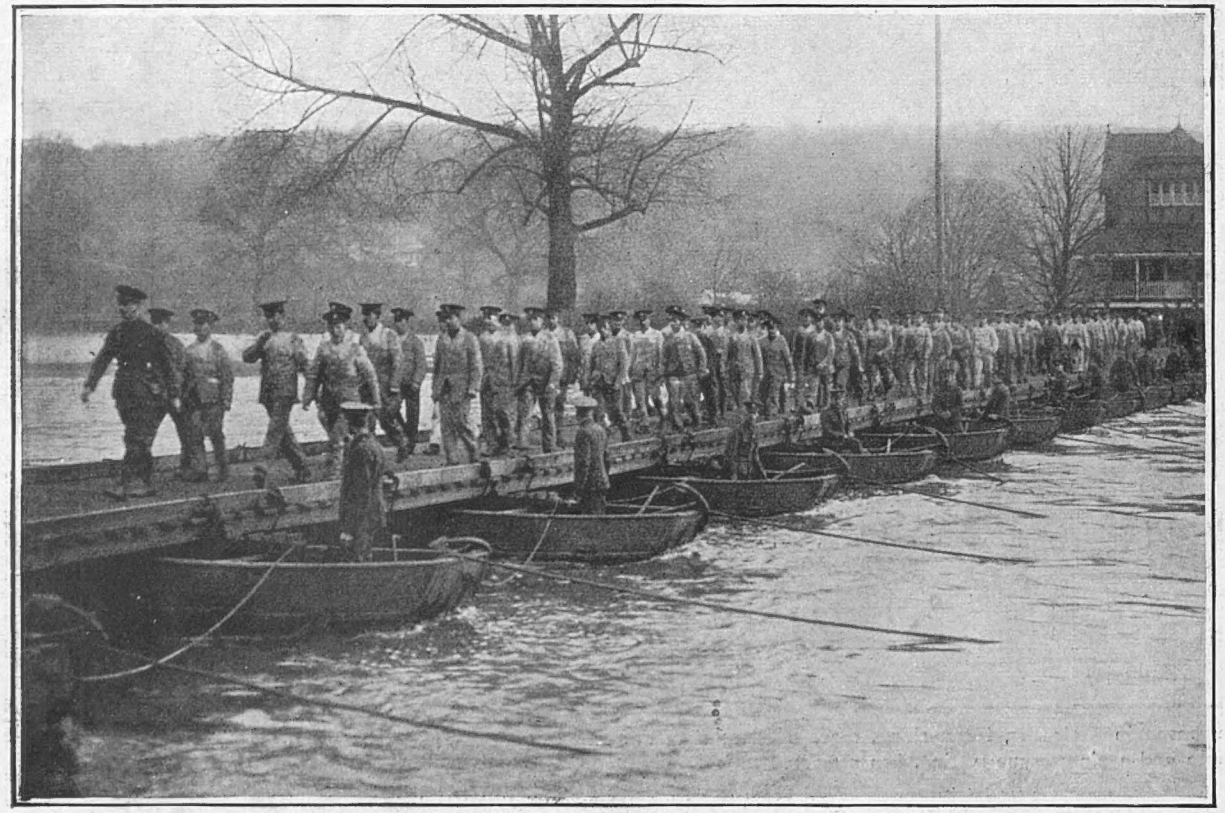
I have to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt on behalf of the Belgian Refugee Toy Fund of £1 from Maggie and Beryl Gillard, Bandra, India; of parcels of toys from Mrs. Raffles Flint, Ladock; and of two anonymous parcels.

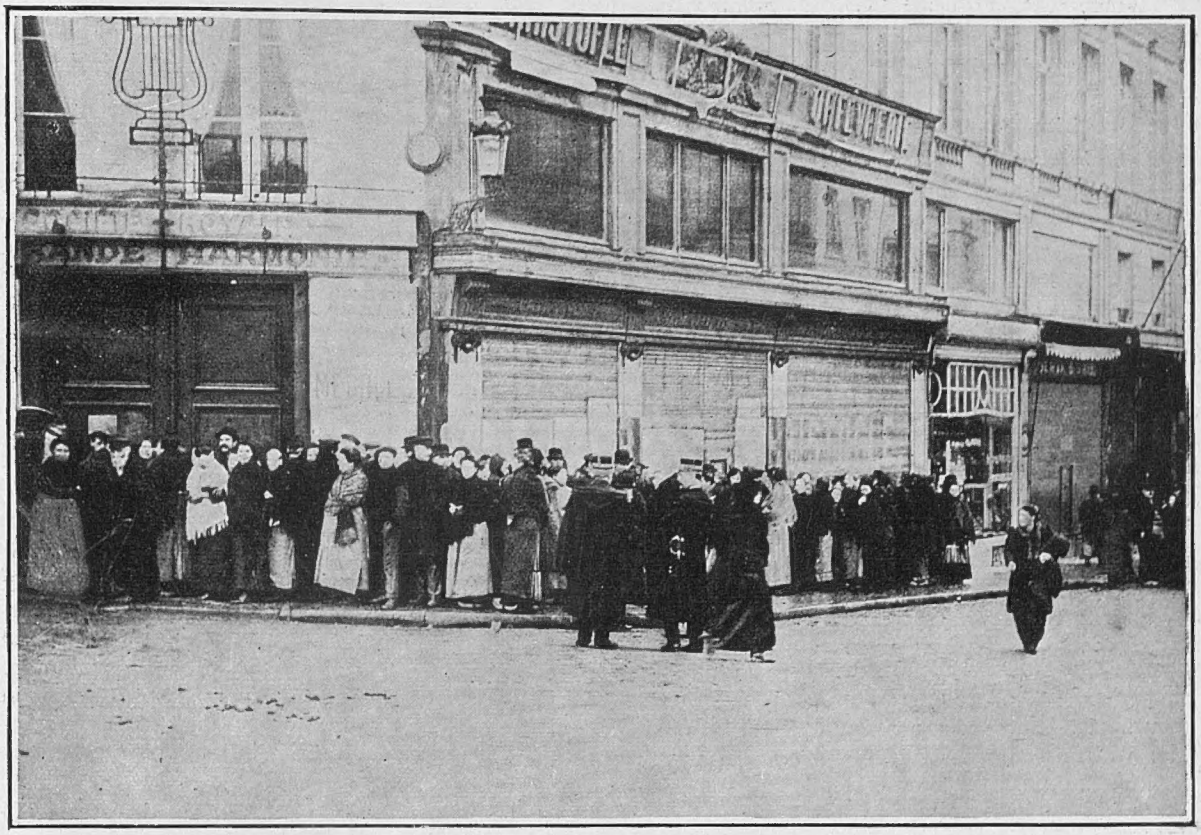


EVEN THE FLOODS HAVE THEIR USES IN WAR-TIME AT HOME

Recruits marching over a pontoon bridge which they themselves have constructed over the Thames at Henley—a sufficiently difficult feat even for the expert bridge builder with the river in full flood

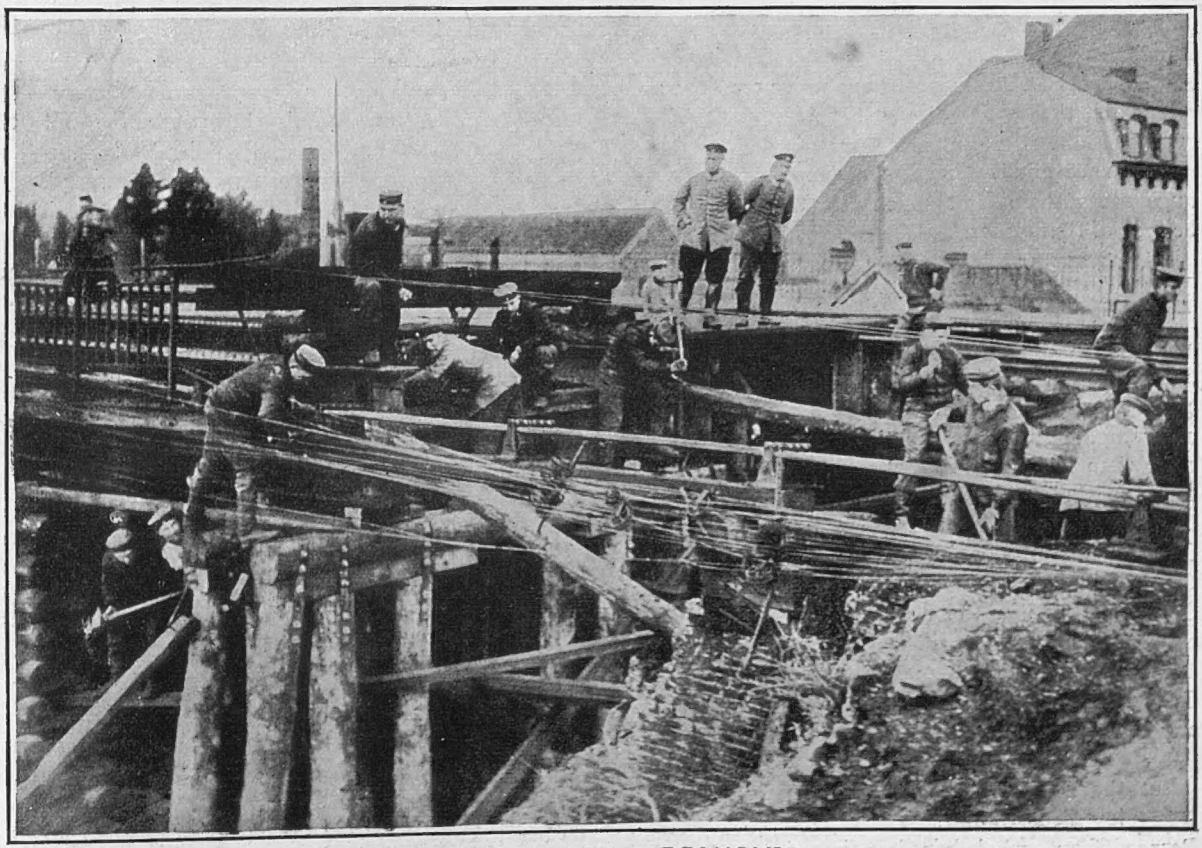
Clearing Up the Mess

MADE IN BELGIUM BY THE ARMY OF VIOLATION



VICTIMS OF WAR—HUMAN

A queue of destitute Belgians in Brussels waiting for a distribution of food in front of shuttered shops where flourishing businesses were once carried on. The fact that Belgian officials are present in the street under the orders of their German taskmasters is noticeable



VICTIMS OF WAR—ECONOMIC

At Tongeren, near Liège, an important bridge was destroyed in the course of the German advance. The Germans have now been obliged to replace it with a temporary structure of considerable strength owing to the heavy nature of the traffic to and from Liège

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

"Such remarkable statements do the prettiest women make"

LONDON, *January* 18, 1915

MY DEAR COUSIN—

ISN'T it wonderful how the idea clings, with the masses, that you must be wise if you only look solemn and say nothing? Lord Curzon's the most scholarly of our statesmen. But the man in the street doesn't read his speeches, not even in snippets in the *Daily Mail*. Lord Kitchener's just a great soldier with nothing to say and no gift of grace or words to say it with. But the man in the street simply gapes for any crumbs that may fall from his mouthpiece—and when none *do* fall proceeds to invest him with a halo of wisdom and omniscience that is altogether too deep for words.

* * *

He even talks at dinner-parties now (sometimes), and he really doesn't look very fierce—the War Minister who's popularly supposed to bite an officer's head off if the slacker even dares to hint that he is cherishing the ghost of an idea of getting married. Advancing years, I suppose, and all that sort of thing, and frock coats have, of course, a taming effect. And as for the "steely" blue eye we've read about so often—in the general robust rubicundity of the Field-Marshal's countenance and behind those quite huge specs there isn't much left to be seen of that either.

* * *

In the gallery at the opening of the Lords some of the peeresses and people knitted—there's nothing like it when you're bored. And every other woman at least seemed in mourning. It's the rich and the poor, more than the others in between, up to now, who've paid the fullest price of Empire. Lord Crewe spoke for the Government, out of which, by the way, the Minister whose "spiritual home is Germany" is soon to pass. But you couldn't hear what he said—which was all for the best, perhaps, since the Government is so keen on not telling any of us anything we want to know.

* * *

But that's the idea, of course, to play Brer Rabbit. As George Bernard Shaw—who's lying low himself now, by the way—used to say of us. "Woman's great art is to lie low and let the imagination of man endow her with depths." Though for the woman of to-day this is, perhaps, just a little out of date. Modern dinner-parties, as someone says, are positively exciting, such remarkable statements do the prettiest women make on matters that you thought they knew nothing about.

* * *

Not that prettiness by itself isn't just as successful as it always has been—men in youth or age, now as ever, as everyone knows, would sooner kiss a pretty mouth than a clever brow, any day or every day. Certainly there haven't been many chorus girls among the brides the subalterns have been positively rushing to marry on their short leave from the front, but all the same, I assure you, it's not the vigorous vicarage style of lady—the one who's busy running all the charities and soldiers' wives, and so on—that one meets at Murray's and the Four Hundred and places with the khaki knut of the moment. And a good thing, too, perhaps. With all this ugliness of war about, we want as much beauty as we can get, just for a contrast.

"At Murray's and the Four Hundred and places with the khaki knut of the moment"

* * *

All the same, I don't think it's hurt us women the way this war has pushed us up against some of the real cold hard facts of life. And I really think even the most feather-headed have been just a little balanced up. Face to face with men broken in our wars, even a Queen has wept—though it isn't given to Queens, of course, to know or even guess what boredom and misery awaits the poor when they can no longer find in work, or even in the sights of the streets, some palliative for existence. How to make life possible to our maimed men will be one of the greatest of our after-the-war problems.

Portraits of Current Interest

Photograph *Beresford*

VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE

Widow of the late Captain Viscount Ingestre, Royal Horse Guards, whose death from pneumonia occurred on the 8th inst. He was the only son of Lord Shrewsbury

Photograph *Hoppé*

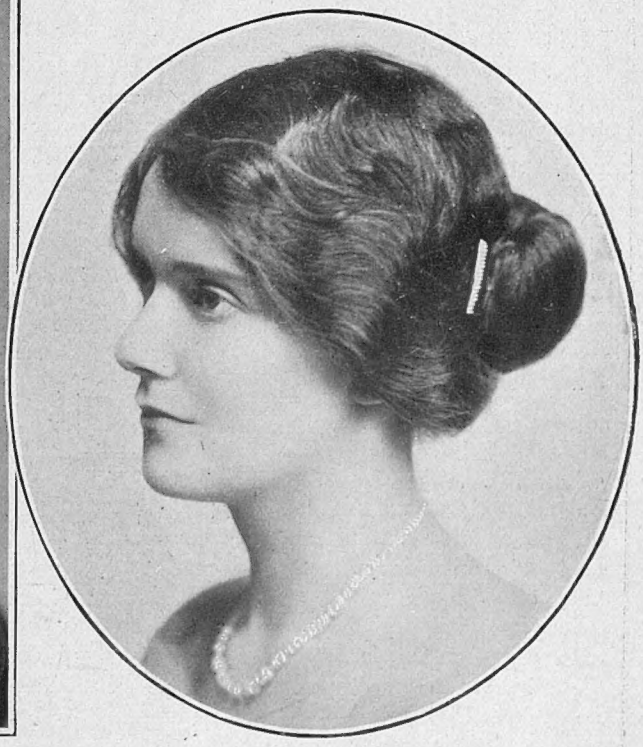
LADY RICHARD WELLESLEY

Widow of Captain Lord Richard Wellesley, Grenadier Guards. She has just given birth to a daughter. Her husband, who was killed in action last October, was the second son of the Duke of Wellington

Photographs

LADY GREENWOOD

Wife of Sir Hamar Greenwood, M.P., who was created a baronet at the beginning of this year



Savony

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, and wife of the Premier's son, Lieut. Herbert Asquith, who recently received a commission in the Royal Naval Division

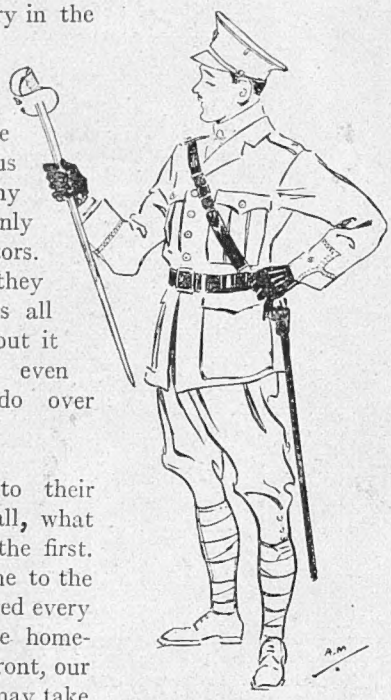
Yes, we're to have more Belges, and when we've got them, another lot still, I believe. A pity you're so far away, isn't it, or you might help us in this rather tremendous task of hospitality. Not that we're overwhelmed by it—what's the good of being the greatest and richest country in the world if you can't be a bit open-handed sometimes?

* * *

There's only one thing people are just a little curious about. You do see a good many young and youngish and certainly vigorous men among our visitors. It's not for us to ask why they aren't fighting, but one wonders all the same just how they feel about it—especially as there isn't even civilian work for them to do over here.

* * *

The return of the Indians to their native land is only, after all, what was fully counted upon from the first. Splendidly, indeed, did they come to the aid of the Empire when we wanted every trained man, but now that the home-grown soldier is ready for the front, our gallant Oriental fellow-subjects may take the field in a climate for which they are better fitted, where they can get, among other things, the hot foods that are needful to their happiness. The wounded ones have been heartened by Royal visits, and at Brighton the convalescents parade the front escorted by crowds of wondering children.



"Take the officers' swords, for instance. They've simply been in the way"

* * *

Evidently the muddy, dreary, drab battle-front in Flanders to-day is not the right venue for the forces or the weapons of an older and more picturesque chivalry, splendid and decorative though they may be. Take our officers' swords, for instance. They've simply been in the way—quite useless, and only draw the enemy's fire. Officers just go for a rifle now, they tell me, and charge with fixed bayonets, just like their men.

* * *

Is there to be a "season"? I think not, I almost said I hope not, for, really, these are no times for a deliberately thought-out round of gaieties and extravagances. But, of course, you never can tell. They've fixed the dates for the Flower Shows, I see, but these aren't exactly functions—all sorts of people go there more or less as they go shopping, a mixture of business and pleasure, and looking out for the latest things in garden stock as well as in friends.

* * *

No one thinks there will be any Court affairs, either. And as these still do lead the way here in monarchical England, and as nearly every big family in the country is now in mourning, I doubt whether there will be much entertaining of any kind. It won't be "done," you understand. Even the smaller people won't care to stamp themselves as "wrong" by doing what the others don't.

* * *

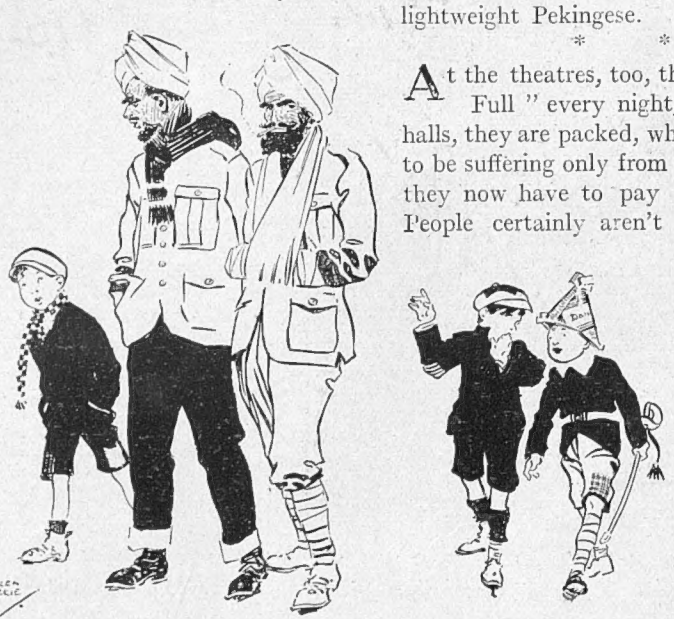
But though our crucial times are, perhaps, rather coming than just gone, you'd still never think, as a casual bystander, that England was engaged in what Lord Rosebery calls the most unlimited war in all the history of the world, much less that we're locked in a death-clutch with a nation of vast resources and still vaster powers of self-sacrifice, or that we're mourning thousands of our best and bravest, and shall mourn thousands more before the end.

* * *

The clubs are having bad times, they say, and I'm afraid some will go pop soon, especially the older kind, where no nourishment may be offered to females and where they dine in perfect silence in a semi-darkened room waited on by prehistoric waiters in side-whiskers. But the Park and Bond Street on fine mornings look almost as they did before this awful war, which no man in our clever Cabinet thought a possibility—prosperous, pleasant, plutocratic, leisurely. Motor-cars *de luxe* glisten in the sun, fine strong young men sit on the box-seats. And lovely ladies in priceless furs and pearls air their fashionable *Griffons Bruxellois* or *the* very last word in champion lightweight Pekingese.

* * *

At the theatres, too, they tell me its "House Full" every night, and as for the music-halls, they are packed, while the restaurants seem to be suffering only from the fact that I suppose they now have to pay their English waiters. People certainly aren't eating—or drinking—less because of the war. And at the January sales—oh, the regiments of women! The eternal feminine isn't going to give up all it's favourite pursuits, it seems, if the eternal masculine—or most of it—has given up its golf for a rifle, real or dummy.



"The convalescents parade the front escorted by crowds of wondering children"

With love,

Yours ever, BLANCHE

"Some" Attrition

AUSTRIAN CIVILIAN: "Hullo, old man, you look a bit dicky"
AUSTRIAN ARMY: "So would you if you'd been annihilated about a hundred and twenty-two times"

The Bystander to Cousin Jonathan

A WARNING AGAINST UNTIMELY INTRUSION

"FRANK and friendly" talks are never more likely to cause trouble than when they're between kinsmen, and talks between kinsmen never more likely to degenerate into free-fights than when they are "frank and friendly." Therefore THE BYSTANDER will not emulate Sir Edward Grey and William J. Bryan in the frankness, because it might lead to our prompt expulsion from the bookstalls, hotels, and clubs of New York City, which would be bad for us and worse for New York.

MR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN
U.S. Secretary of State, and author of the famous Note

We will, therefore, dissimulate, cousin, and say what it is politic to say, and that only, as to our feelings over this controversy you have sprung on us. These feelings are practically the same as those with which we regard all things American—the feelings of the Old World for the New. We were shaken by your Note just as we are apt to be by your accent. It came upon us as does the New World tourist at a moment when we are in the oldest of old-world humours. I felt, when the papers revealed your Note to me, exactly as I did in Venice last year, when, meditating near the Cathedral of S. Mark, I heard the voice of Potiphar Q. Buggins from Buffalo exclaim:

"Say, what d'you pay these here gon-*do*-la-drivers from the railroad depôt right here?"

Your Note fell upon the European air just as did that of Buggins on the air of Venice. It jarred and it jangled. It twanged the commercial in the region of the majestic.

We, in England, look on this war as something immensely big—as something which gets to look bigger every day. It is stirring up within us all the emotions we ever had at all times of our history. Not only is it awakening our ordinary fighting qualities, but it is also calling out of the depths all our Anglo-Saxon zeal for righteousness, for liberty, for justice. It is making us visionaries, with the sense of the future full upon us. We are all, when we are not wondering what will be our fate as individuals, wondering what will be the fate of nations as a whole. We are thinking of the welfare of all the world, hoping against hope that this mighty clash of all the arms and all the brains will end in a great universal reconciliation and the settling-down of Europe to a sort of peace such as reigns, Jonathan, on your Continent.

To bring this about, we believe that we have to break up once and for all the militarist cabal which controls the German Empire, and which seeks to fix the Teuton yoke on the necks of all nations which the Teuton heel cannot crush. Being ourselves, like you, a non-militarist State, we have had to resort to such means of reducing Goliath as lay to our hands, among them the cutting off of his war supplies.

Now, Cousin, you step in with your "Say, here, what about my dollars?" and we English, while we give you a reasoned diplomatic reply, feel that you are playing the part not of the real America, "sweet land of liberty," but of the intrusive tripper into old world solemnities, which the old-world doesn't like. The German may pretend to delight in your having embarrassed us at an awkward moment. But what the German is doing privately is to rejoice at what he believes to be the break-up of the Anglo-American bond of friendship which has hitherto kept German militarism off the American Continent and enabled you, Cousin J., to content yourself with a small Navy and next to no Army.

The Monroe Doctrine, without Britain and the British Fleet, would years ago have gone the way of the Belgian scrap of paper and the Hague Convention. Britain was the American sentinel at the gates of Europe against the advance across the Atlantic of the gospel of "might is right." With you, she stood for the principles of peace and liberty, and, with your backing, she has the chance of carrying Anglo-American ideas across the Continent of Europe. With you behind her she has the chance of laying the foundations of the United States of Europe.

But if you turn against England, what happens? We have to take stock of you as a possible enemy. The tone of your Note was that of a man who had a big stick behind him. We have to ask ourselves what is your fighting strength, and, for a moment, to turn our face to the West and our back on Europe. We shall remember, as we do that, that we belong, geographically, after all, to Europe. A voice behind us—a gruff, guttural voice, with a laugh in it, will say:

"There, John, you see what *his* friendship was worth to you when it affected his pocket."

We shall turn round and see the face of Wilhelm II., who has, all along, had it as the desire of his life to unite Europe against the Monroe Doctrine.

Take up cudgels against us, Cousin, and you change us from being the advance guard of America in Europe to being the advance guard of Europe towards America. And remember that unless we win this war outright, we shall, to protect our hearths and homes, become armed to the teeth; we shall no longer be the sluggard who allowed his island to become the universal dump-heap; and as well as our hearths and homes we shall protect our markets. THE BYSTANDER

Our New Allies?

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF RUMANIA, WITH H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

We hope shortly to be able to welcome their Majesties into the camp of Allies, and to have the brave Rumanian army fighting side by side with Britain, France and Russia in the cause of European liberty

The Truth About Scarborough

AND WHY SHE IS ABLE TO SMILE

SCARBOROUGH has been rather solemn since she was made the target for Krupp's guns. Over ten thousand of her spending population have gone away; all her private schools are closed; the church collections have fallen from £15 to £5; the hotel proprietors, billeting Yeomanry officers, have to pay half-a-crown a pound for plaice instead of the usual sixpence; nearly every house on the South Cliff is closed; and the Mayor has issued special instructions in the event of a second bombardment.

* * *

But last week Scarborough smiled; in her mirth she almost forgot the visions of a ruined season which stare her in the face. Lord Durham's joke about the distinguished General who thought the Hartlepools were on the Humber was nothing to the Ministerial delusions about Scarborough. Or can it be that the Government are familiar with the facts all the time, and in their anxiety to keep the rise in the price of fish from the Kaiser's knowledge, lest it should suggest famine, they religiously suppress all mention of after effects? Perhaps "My dear Ren" (to quote the Prime Minister) is wondering whether his seat will be quite so secure at the next election.

* * *

At what particular statements made in the recent House of Lords debate did Scarborough laugh? At the risk of committing *lèse majesté* I will mention that she smiled a little sententiously when Lord Kitchener declared that "no trace of panic" was seen during the bombardment. Of panic in the theatre-fire sense there may have been little—for the inhabitants in this undefended coast town had never been blind to the danger to which, by the Government's remissness, they were exposed; they knew as much about their own limitations as the Germans. But when an effort is made to suggest that Scarborians merely regarded the raid as an interesting diversion—as an event calculated to advertise the town and provide attractive souvenirs—I would remind these cynics of the women and children who, barefooted and in their night clothes, rushed helter-skelter up Westborough to the railway station, of the half-dazed residents who were struck down, and of the epidemic of neurasthenia which has since broken out. True, there were a thousand instances of coolness, but it is quite a fallacy to suppose there was "no trace of panic."

* * *

Scarborough smiled again when Lord Crewe, the Government's mouthpiece, solemnly assured the country that "no activity by German spies had any bearing" upon the East Coast attack. Scarborough begs leave to differ. Scarborough has not forgotten that only a few months ago a party of German doctors, accepting the civic hospitality of the borough, landed at the very pier shelled by the enemy's cruisers, and subsequently inspected all the "points of vantage." Nor can the inhabitants obliterate from memory the proved cases of surreptitious signalling on the coast, the suspicious actions of certain German waiters now departed, and the fact that the raiders' gunners knew the lie of the land almost to a foot.

* * *

Conceivably Lord Crewe's assurance may mean that the "activity of German spies" had little to do with the main object of raid which, let me suggest, was not to bombard Scarborough and the Hartlepools at all. I'm afraid the heated detractors of the "baby-killers" will not stomach that theory; its acceptance would remove the cause for so much cheap sentiment. Nevertheless, the evidence which has since come to light shows that the bombardment, was merely a blind for the mine-layers operating in the background. If the chief aim of the Germans had been to wreck the Yorkshire coast towns they could have done it more safely and effectively three or four miles off. Instead of which they came to within 500 yards of the parade. And while their big cruisers, moving fast all the time, were discharging shells, their light cruisers, also moving fast, were shedding mines like ashes in the rear, virtually hidden from view in the haze. Both the number of mines swept up and destroyed and the number of ships, trading and otherwise, which have been wrecked on this poisonous trail, prompt, if they do not confirm, this conclusion. The Germans, in short, intended to destroy more on sea than on land. That they did not destroy any units of our fighting fleet is due to the foresight of Lord Fisher. He knew the real *motif* of the raid.

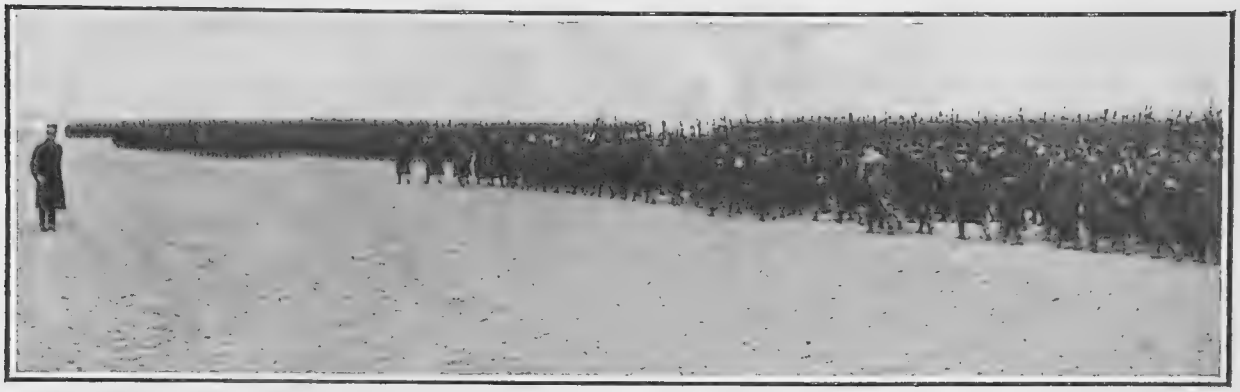
A RESIDENT

OVERHEARD AT SCARBOROUGH AFTER THE RAID

NERVOUS RESIDENT: "Could you—er—change my flat on the top floor for one in the—er—basement?"

Sands—Once—of Pleasure

THAT ARE NOW SCENES OF DESOLATION



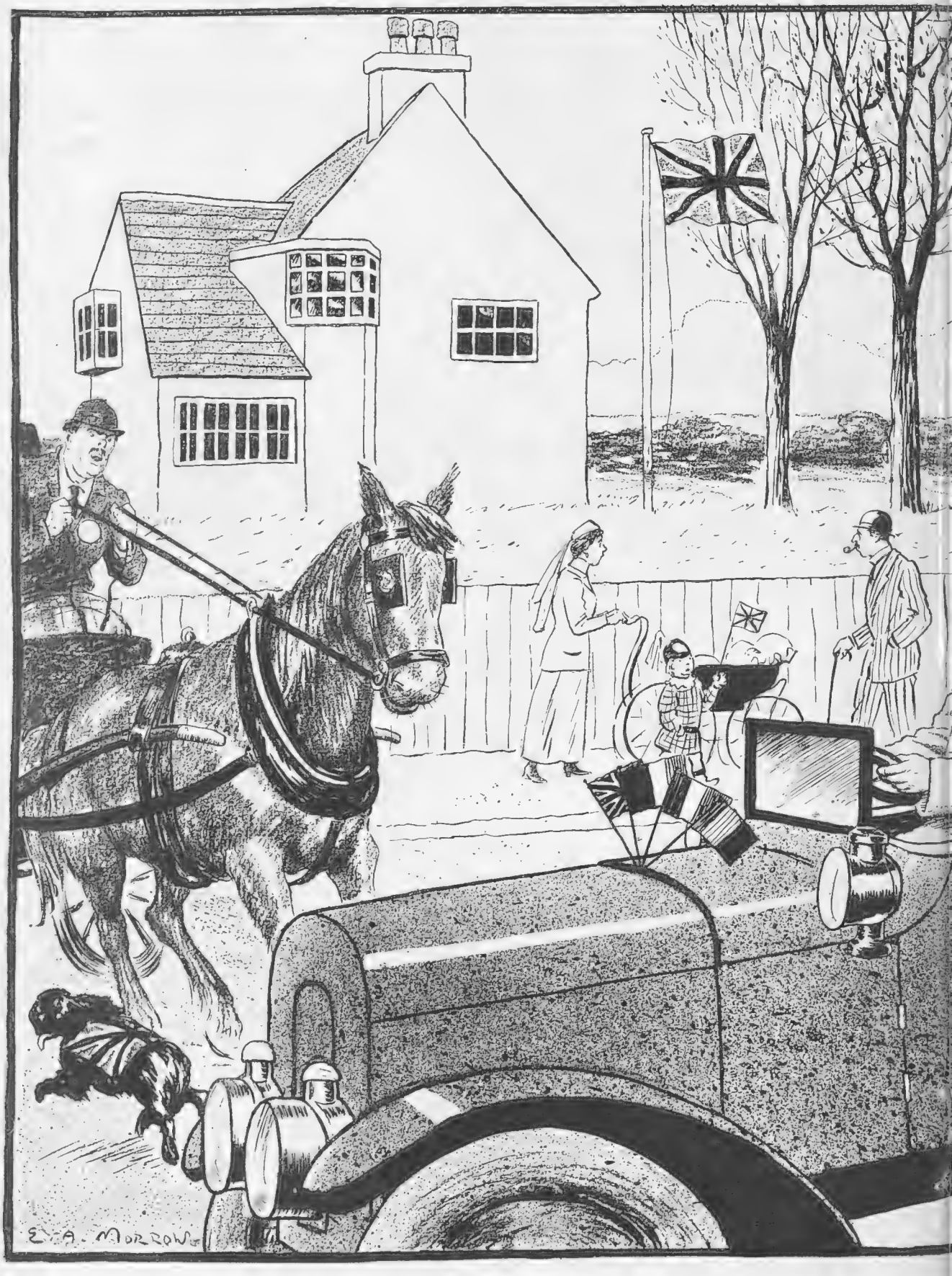
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS WATCHING A MARCH-PAST OF HIS TROOPS ON THE SANDS OF A BELGIAN COAST TOWN

BELGIAN ARTILLERY IN POSITION ON THE SEA COAST "SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS"

A TROOP OF THE FAMOUS BELGIAN LOUVAIN LANCERS RIDING DOWN TO THE SHORE

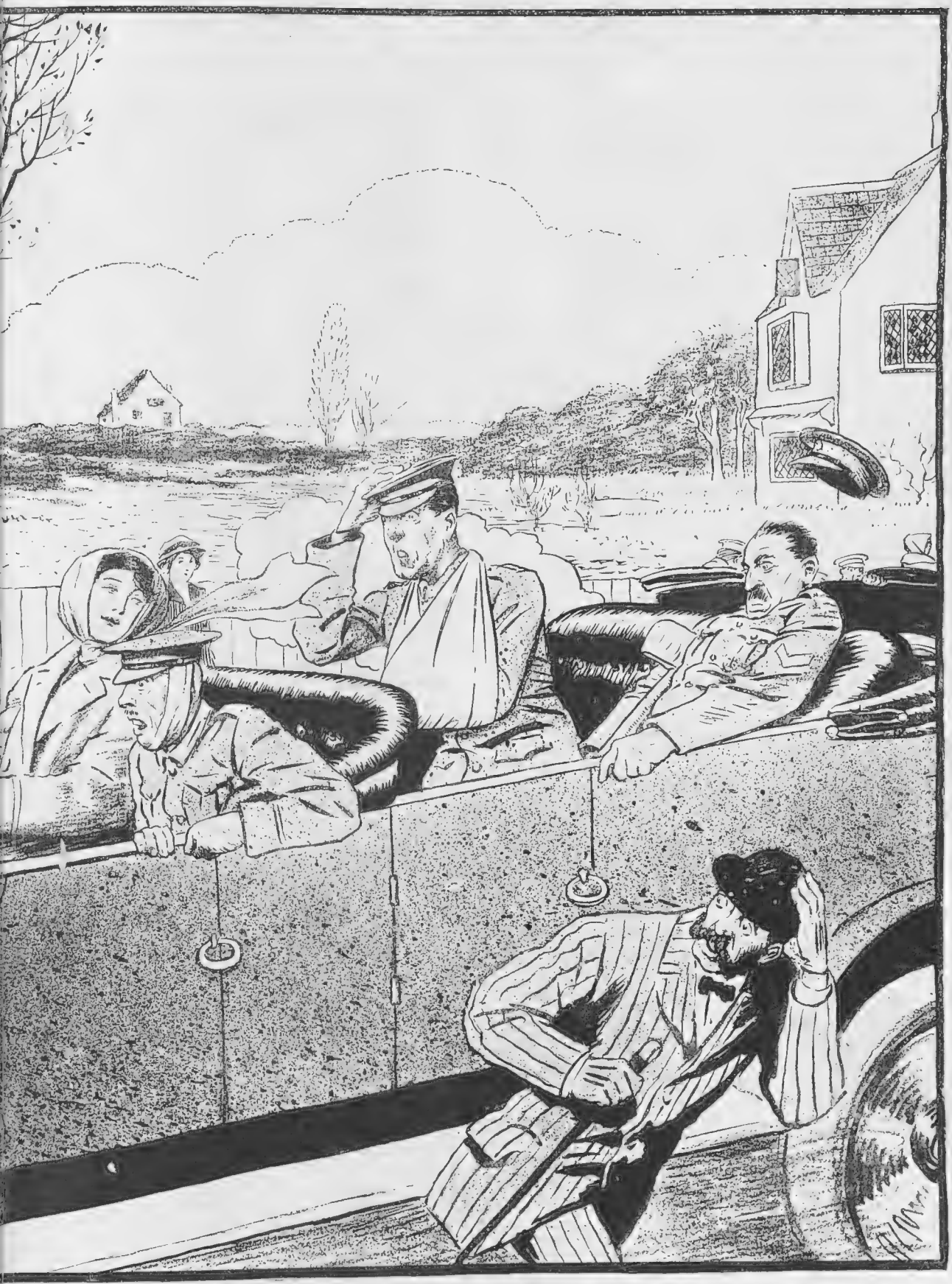
One of the routes by which the Germans have endeavoured to break through to Calais has been through the Sand Dunes which skirt the shores of Flanders, hitherto associated in the mind of the Englishman with the pleasures of Ostend and other Belgian "Bains." The defence of this portion of the Allied line has been, so far, successfully undertaken by the Belgian Army acting in co-operation with British warships

The Horror



From the dangerous, but dreary routine of life in the trenches Tommy returns home to recu

s of Peace



perate at his ease, only to find that Peace hath her horrors "no less renowned than War"

Pro-Belgian not Pro-German

A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS ON THE RIGHT SIDE

Photograph MISS MALVINA LONGFELLOW [*Hoppé*

The distinguished American actress, who will make her London début on Friday next in Lady Lever's new play, "The Torches of Fate," which will be performed at a Matinée at the Vaudeville Theatre, in aid of the fund for distressed Belgians in Belgium. Her assumption of this charitable rôle should help to obliterate the recollection of the recent Drury Lane sensation, in which another American actress was concerned

MUD, BLOOD AND KHAKI

SOME TRUTHS FROM THE FRONT: BY AN OFFICER ON LEAVE—No. I.

This brief series of articles has been written specially for THE BYSTANDER *by an officer just returned from the front on sick leave, who has personally inspired the illustrations. He shows the war under a somewhat different aspect from that to which the newspaper "correspondent at the front" has accustomed the public.*

Months—or Years?

TWO months—or is it two years?—since I first came within the sound of the guns. The calendar—and calendars are of the few things that lie not in this era of falsehood and truth suppression—tells me that but eight weeks have passed since we sat in the mess tent for the last time and drank success to the regiment of which so very small a remnant now exists; but then, out there in that dreary, ugly, forbidding part of France one loses count of time, only to be reminded of dates by the arrival of a daily paper or a letter from home or by some particularly bloody "show," dismissed by a line in a *communiqué*, but branded on a man's heart with a red-hot iron of sorrow.

Sordid, Sordid, Sordid!

Thousands are the impressions left on my mind since we first left cheerily for what was then the mysterious front, chaffing each other as we tramped along under the drizzling rain, bran-new of khaki, of Sam Browne belt—of hope. But of this multitude of impressions seared upon the mind so deeply that one knows that henceforward one's view of life, one's very life itself, can never be quite the same again, is that of the intensely sordid nature of this beastly war. Sordid battles—if, indeed, this burrowing and ferreting week after week with nothing to show for it at the end save roughly made crosses can be honoured by such a title—fought under sordid conditions in a sordid country still partially inhabited by sordid people. No "panoply," God knows, and precious little glory—unless glory be found after weeks of life in the very heart of the valley of the shadow of death—in the fact that your newspapers at home have chronicled that in the particular district in which your rabbit warren is located you have "made a slight advance." No sound of bugle or of drum, or even of the wailing of the pipes—your only music the hideous scream of the shell whizzing—pray God hard—over your head, or the pat, pat, pat of the machine-gun, or the pop, pop of the rifle or the deafening crash of the bomb. Everything sordid, sordid, sordid. Mud all over you. Mud in your eyes and in your hair; your clothes and boots caked with it to such extent that only a knife can deal with it. Mud on your cap and on your saddle, and your horse—when you can use him, khaki-coloured with mud. And with it all rain, or soaking fog, or cruel, sharp frost—one is too weary to reckon which be the most objectionable—and the knowledge of the fact that what is left of the regiment has not moved one inch from the spot in which it first hid its head!

The Craving for Peace

For sordid though the war be, and sordid the conditions under which it is being fought, and sordid the people among whom it is being waged (the smiling, genial peasant is a journalistic fiction so far as

At home and—abroad

Northern France is concerned) the splendour of the regiments is not to be denied. White and black and cream—they all hate the war, loathe it, long and pray for its speedy termination. "Is Peace declared yet?" is often the one grim joke they allow themselves as they sneak from and to the trenches. Yet, "fed up" as they are, mud-covered though they be, bitten of frost, weary of limb, nervous from lack of sleep, they form the most splendid thing life has yet produced. Heroes all—for the least for which they can reasonably hope is to be sent home by the *force majeure* of wound or sickness, and to be envied is he to whom such befall—they fight on with scarce a grumble or a grouse. Not quite the cheery thing "letters from the trenches" would have you believe, for men who live face to face with death can only be gay on paper, believe me, but still keen, still plucky, despite all the mud and the blood and the cold and the desolation. Heroes? Yes, heroes such as History has so far failed to write of—these mud-covered dirty men, these *lapins de garenne*, as a French officer has aptly termed them, who can only hope for one reward, a decoration—and I would cover them all with crosses—or the wound—often coveted—that will send them Home.

"But eight weeks have passed since we sat in the mess tent and drank success to the regiment"

Dog's Work and Worse

"What's happened to So-and-So?"—you will often hear the question as you wade down the village street. "Haven't you heard? He's got a shrapnel bullet in his foot." "Has he?" comes the reply. "Lucky beggar!" And the dirty officer dreams as he turns into his inhospitable billet of Red Cross trains, of hospitals at Boulogne, of the eventual arrival at Waterloo much as a child will dream of the coming of Santa Claus or of the day when he, too, shall be a big, grown-up man like the papa of his adoration.

Yes, you at home must cover them all with glory, these men who are fighting your battle for you in the North of France. It is not "kind" of you to "cheer them, thank them, kiss them" on their return from those hideous trenches—it is your duty. It is not "good" of you to wrap them from top to toe in wool, or to fill their pockets to overflowing with Woodbines. It is the least you can do. They should be clothed in cloth of gold and know no meaner taste than that of a corona-corona, these dirty, rough, bearded Tommies or these dark-skinned weird-eyed natives, who are doing dog's work and worse to save you and yours from a heel that would have surely crushed you had it not been for them.

That this sordid war has beauty, too, I will not deny. Of its "glorious" side I am more doubtful, for death by a bomb from which you are "ducking" in a trench half filled with water and the slime of the dead, would never seem to me the most glorious a man can die, even though that death be inscribed on a roll of honour, and even though that life have been "given" for King and Country. To me who have lived through two months of it, no war could seem more lacking in glory. Death by mine, by bomb, by "Jack Johnson" or "Whistling Willie" seems to me simply beastly and nothing else. Nor can I find glory in a man, as I have seen him, with his once handsome face half blown away mumbling with what is left to him of mouth for a looking-glass in which to survey the horrid remnant of his features.

"By Gad, It's Worth It"

But the beauty I will admit, for it has been my great privilege to return unscathed from a visit to men who can verily and indeed be called "beautiful," mud-covered, often blood-covered, always dirty though they were. For the more sordid and beastly grew their surroundings—the less selfish, the more generous did they grow, and the harder they

worked for the cause. Work, food, "comforts" were always shared, and though those who fight in Northern France soon grow to be men of very few words, there was always sympathy for those who desired it. And then the gratitude! The "thank you, old thing" that came from the bottom of the heart for the smallest service rendered. And the simplicity; for the minds of many of them, officers and men, are just those of big overgrown boys. And the fearlessness. "I know I shall never see the end of this show, old man," one said to me one day as he got ready for the trenches. "I'm *bound* to be scuppered—we all are—but, by Gad, it's worth it." Worth it! To crouch for days in a stinking trench with a dead body for your platform only at the end to die by a sniper's bullet or the splinter of a sickening shell.

The Dirtiest Work Is Done!

There are some who will say that to tell the truth about the conditions under which this hideous war is being waged will tend to turn men away from the recruiting office. I am not of such opinion. Men should be taught to realise that they not only have a country to save but a long list of heroes' deaths to avenge—deaths that in many cases might never have been died had our forces been adequate in number for the task set before them. Moreover, those who take the King's shilling these days can console themselves with this fact—that the dirtiest work has been done. And they may also find some stimulus in the truth that it has not only been Englishmen who have had to perform it. Should these undoubted facts not stir men it should *shame* them "to join the colours." "Why don't we advance more rapidly?" is the question one hears on every side. Did inquirers know the real true facts which shall some day be written they would ask how it is that we—and again I repeat that "we" includes other than Englishmen—managed to hold the enemy in check so long. Oh, there are wonderful pages to write, and which should be written now, pages that would do more than all the bill-posting in the world to make conscription even imaginable.

"It is not 'good' of you to wrap them from top to toe with wool or fill their pockets with Woodbines. It is the least you can do"

No Picnic

In the meanwhile, till liberty be given back to the Press, let the warrior that is to be realise what he is in for and why he is in for it. It is no picnic for which he is being prepared, but the most sordid, dirty, horrible war the mind of man can imagine. But the greater the number of recruits, the less sordid, the less dirty, the less horrible it will grow.

And the most sordid part has been done.

ANOTHER ARTICLE NEXT WEEK

"'Haven't you heard? He's got a shrapnel bullet in his foot.' 'Has he?' comes the reply. 'Lucky beggar!'"

Novelists and the War

SOME ESTIMATES OF ITS PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE OUTPUT

Two Expressions of Opinion—

Last week, in reviewing some novels, I had occasion to remark that fiction, like everything else, would probably be affected by the war. But will it? Is there any particular reason why it should? Opinions on the point, apparently, differ. Said one well-known novelist: "After the war, literature will have changed. I cannot say in precisely what way, but changed it will be." Another equally popular writer, who wore a captain's uniform, did not care to express a definite opinion about fiction in general, but spoke of his own feelings in the matter. Said he: "I shall never write another novel. If you ask me for a specific reason, I doubt whether I can give you one, but perhaps the actual writing, which once seemed so interesting and so important to me, now means very little. You see, there are so many other things to be done, and, so far as I am concerned, everything that ever was is altered out of all recognition."

—And a Third

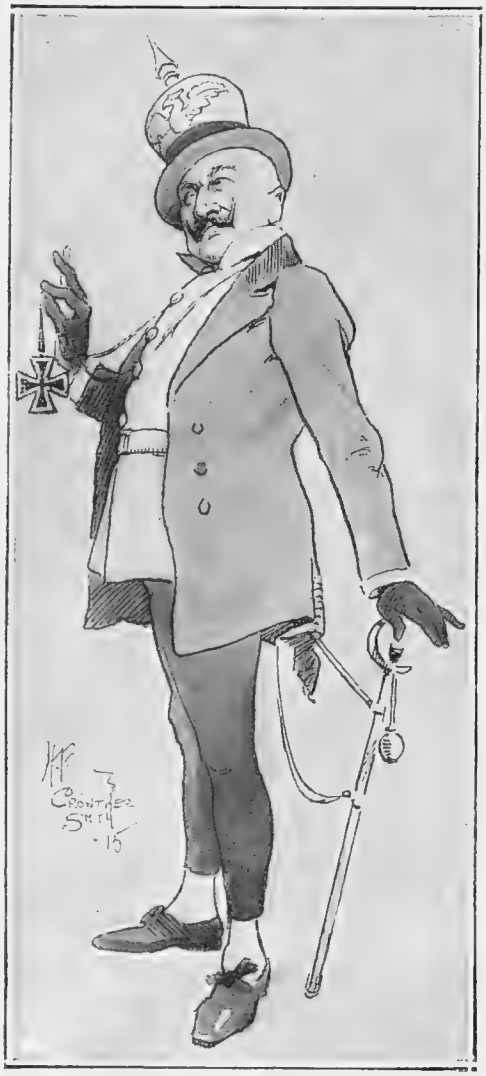
I broached the question to a third novelist, perhaps the best-known of the three. Said he with no hesitation at all: "After the war fiction will go on in just the same way as before. Where is the difference to be? What other war ever brought about a permanent change to literature? None ever did. In a year or two we shall all be our old literary selves again, even if we do wear a uniform to-day, and the only difference in our work will be that instead of killing off our superfluous character in South Africa, we shall have him slaughtered at 'Somewhere in Flanders.'"

When the Shooting is Over

To-day it is difficult to imagine that things can ever go on in the dear old way. Yet the third man I spoke to certainly has history on his side. During and after the Napoleonic period, for instance, literature flourished, just as it had flourished half a century before, when, as then, men were fighting each other half way across Europe. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any direct connection between war and literature can be found. True, a poem or a story or a fine piece of descriptive prose might never have been written but for a war: true, a fresh thought may come just because it is war-time, and the brains of the nation are temporarily changed.

Fleeting Changes

But in this respect war is no different from an earthquake, or a most tremendously important boxing-match, or a strike in Cardiff. It is soon forgotten, whatever it be. To-day the old prejudices and the old enthusiasms are skulking in the background; but after the shouting they will come forth again. There may be small changes in the books of the near future, but the change will not last very long. There will be the old problems to worry about, and if anybody can discover a new problem to tackle, so much the better for him. We shall have our fill of military books, but not for the first time, and the man in khaki will make a most excellent hero for our lady novelists, but—only for a time.



THE EUROPEAN MICAWBER

Kaiser Wilhelm "waiting for something to turn up" (even if it's only a little copper!)

The Mixture as Before

You may say, however, and most of us are saying, about fifty times every day, that this war is not like the other wars. This is *the* war that is going to react on the next hundred years almost as powerfully as if it were actually to be waged for the whole of that period. Nothing is ever going to be the same. The economic situation, . . . (You know the sort of thing that everybody says.) But what has the economic situation to do with literature? (It may have something to do with the awful output of fifth-rate novels, but they count as merchandise.) Shall we feel less inclined to read good books or to write them? Shall we not want the same old pastimes when all the shouting is done? Shall we not get back into our comfortable old ways? History says quite plainly that we shall. We shall require, and obtain, just what we have always required, and the war will make not one iota of difference—so far, that is to say, as the books are concerned. (Perhaps, however, we shall find that there are rather more "historians" in our midst than anybody suspected twelve months ago.) R. S.

My Lady's Redress

MISS GLADYS COOPER'S SUCCESS AS A LITIGANT

Photograph *Claude Harris*

Miss Gladys Cooper, the well-known actress (in private life Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster), who was awarded £1,200 damages last week in an action for libel brought by her against the "London Mail." Her most notable recent success has been in the principal character in "My Lady's Dress" at the Royalty

A Lively Revue and a Play with a Purpose

"BUSINESS AS USUAL" AT THE HIPPODROME AND "A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND" AT THE GARRICK

BY "JINGLE"

FARMER PAUL IN "BUSINESS AS USUAL"

IF the title of the Hippodrome Revue is a reliable guide, the normal state of business at this house must be a distinctly enviable one. On the afternoon of my visit there were two policemen at the door appealing to a large crowd to go and tag themselves on the end of a most prodigious queue, and not to try and rush in anywhere in such a way as to provoke reprisals. I imagined vainly that as a Pressman I should have the usual privileges of the craft, but I soon found out my mistake. I don't say that the policeman actually pushed me back; indeed, the mere fact that he is still standing there and is not in the hospital is proof of his self-restraint; but he was certainly an impassable barrier for me. For the old dreary reason the management were unable to give me a free seat. I have had some thirty years experience of London theatrical managers, and I have found it to be their almost invariable rule-of-thumb that when they are doing well they have positively no use for the mere Press, and that when things are going badly they write affectionate little notes wondering why you are not "giving them a show." I believe it is what is known as human nature, and since we have all erred and gone astray, it is not for one sinner to remind another of the error of his ways. It is true that the manager of the Hippodrome, in expressing his regret, etc., called me "old man"; but I always think "dear boy" is so much more graceful. Besides, at my time of life, "old man" borders on the personal.

However, I succeeded in gaining admission to the auditorium on a spot-cash basis, and I must in all candour admit that I had very full value for my money. The Revue at the Hippodrome goes with a romp from start to finish, and one hardly knows which to admire most, the exceptional ability of the performers or the very complete stage-management. The first scene shows us a sunlit harvest-field somewhere in France (the actual name of the locality being, I have no doubt, suppressed out of respect to our sensitive Censor). The scene of mirth and jollity is suddenly interrupted by the booming of big guns and the arrival of a lot of horried Germans. This is, as it were, the straight tip to remind us that we are in a state of war, though no one would have guessed it from the appearance of the riotously happy multitudes in the house. From France we go to Whitehall, where, among other excellent turns, there is a dance by Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. Ambrose Thorne, which took the house by storm. Indeed, the dancers had to give so many encores that they could hardly have been left at the finish with sufficient breath to bow their acknowledgments.

The gem of this turn, however, is Mr. Morris Harvey's appearance as a Special Constable. His song, "Keep It Dark," is a string of delightful nonsense based on the darkening of London owing to fear of raids from Zeppelins that are not likely to venture so far away from home. Incidentally, Mr. Harvey mentioned a detail that was new to me. It appears that by way of compensation for the darkness Trafalgar Square is now a perfect paradise for courting couples, and it is alleged that as a simple act of mercy the searchlights from the adjacent buildings always hurry over that bit of the landscape when circling round on their luminous career. I did not know this. The next scene shows us "The Nest," a suburban villa at Tooting Bec, with Mr. Harry Tate as the gallant defender of an Englishman's home. Mr. Tate's humorous methods do not lend themselves to cold description. The mere fact, for instance, that one schoolboy invites another to tea is not, in itself, an uproariously funny incident, and yet on no more solid basis than this Mr. Tate keeps the house convulsed with laughter for

AS AN AMERICAN LADY

AS THE VERY SPECIAL CONSTABLE

the best part of five minutes. Then there is his great scheme of fixing up dummy guns in the garden to frighten away hostile aircraft, while his efforts to capture the pigeons released by a German spy are a triumph of genial fooling.

The *tableau* illustrating a cavalry charge is a most stirring affair, the effect being produced with the aid of revolving platforms, which enable the chargers to give a most successful impression of tremendous speed. And straight from the battle-field we come to an "Up-To-Date Sewing Party" at home, with the dear Vicar in charge. It is all quite lovely, especially when the dear Vicar, snatching up what he believes is one of the famous shirts that Susie sewed for soldiers, is bashfully corrected by one of the maiden ladies present, who points out that he has dipped into the parcel intended for Belgian refugees of the female persuasion, and containing red flannel underwear of what, I believe, is known as the intimate kind. The Vicar, who is represented by Mr. Vivian Foster, is a distinct asset to the Revue.

The leading lady is Miss Violet Loraine, who, like the man in the poem, is everything by turns and nothing long. Perhaps her most successful effort is made when, with the help of Mr. Ambrose Thorne, Mr. Morris Harvey, and Mr. Harry Tate, this dainty and business-like little lady burlesques the alleged longing of audiences to join in the chorus of popular songs. All four artists stand on a platform that divides the auditorium into two parts, and deal with the house personally, and the whole of the proceedings are as much like home as anything. The members of the audience nearest the performers vie with each other in helping the fun along, and Miss Loraine is always there to give them a friendly lead; while the rest of the house shrieks its hilarious approval of the proceedings. *Business As Usual* is certainly the show of the moment in Town.

"THE DEAR VICAR"

"A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND"
At the Garrick Theatre

This play has been translated from the French of Mr. E. V. Miller, who, I understand, is a soldier on active service with the Belgian Army, and would seem, therefore, to be qualified to write of Prussian frightfulness at first hand. A Prussian Colonel is in love with the English governess of his children, and his passion is very much of the "must-and-shall-be-mine" order. It is needless to say that no temptation that he can offer will suffice to lure this pure English girl from the path of virtue and homely rectitude, and, therefore, he decides to persecute her cruelly. I have not yet heard that this is the way to win the affection of a young and lovely woman, but then, I am a mere child in the ways of Prussian culture. After being sinfully accused of theft, when she is oh! so innocent, the heroine escapes to the lodgings of a French spy on the Alsatian border of France. The difficulty of crossing the frontier is emphasised by many stirring adventures which might stir more if they were more capably acted. The mounting of the play is quite conscientiously elaborate; at one time there are so many German officers on the stage that you could almost fancy that invasion had come at last. As a melodrama for touring purposes *A Daughter of England* should be suitable enough, but it is hardly up to the London standard.

JINGLE

ONE OF THE "GIRLS"

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

BELLICOSITIES

"RIVIERA WITHOUT GERMANS," announces a *Times* heading, "Nice In War-Time." It must be—very.

* * *

"It is quite easy for Germans," announces the German wireless, "to understand the terror which has been caused by the recent raid of sixteen aeroplanes on Dover." Naturally—one can always best understand one's own inventions.

* * *

We also read that English is now being taught to the new German reserve formations, as a knowledge of the language will, in the event of invasion, facilitate relations with the natives. Yes: it will certainly enable the unfortunate prisoners to converse with their gaolers.

* * *

Paris is changing the names of various streets in order to christen them after the gallant King of the Belgians. London might perform a similar honour to the same King by removing the name of Albert from certain not very impressive edifices.

* * *

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, in an interview with the representative of the *New York Times*, asks, "Why should the English, who had the opportunity of getting out the truth about themselves and their Allies, object to letting out a little truth about Germany?" Why didn't he go a little further and say: "Why should the English, who will probably have the opportunity of beating us, object to our beating them first?"

* * *

If you heard a loud noise last Thursday you now know that it was only the fall of Count Berchtold.

* * *

Our Iron Cross for the worst pun of the year: The Crown Prince on the Kaiser: "My Faux Pas."

* * *

"Great discoveries," says the *Times*, "rise slowly into the sky." This is the whole trouble with that little discovery of Count Zeppelin's.

* * *

A Viennese paper suggests that "the moment has come for an honourable peace," and Berlin has now written to ask the meaning of the funny word immediately preceding "peace."

* * *

Two more battalions of "Bantams" have been formed, and should there ever really be a Battle of Dorking—well, there you are.

* * *

The Bishop of Birmingham has been made honorary chaplain of the Footballers' Battalion, and even if he cannot accompany them everywhere on land, he will be with them in the See.

* * *

We are glad to learn that the blue slop suits supplied, greatly against their will, to sections of the new army, are to go. After all, it was the business of the War Office to give the Kaiser, not our own men, the blues.

* * *

We understand that Mr. Le Gallienne sings the praises of our middle-class rankers in his new volume, "The Silk Hat Soldier." Why not the Silk Atkins?

"Why are you not at the front?"
"'Cos I've only just come out of quod for 'arf killing the larst bloke as arsked me that question!"

HOW OUR SOLDIER-MEN "KEEP SMILING"
Fac-simile of a post-card designed by themselves and sent by the officers of the Royal Engineers at the Front to their Mess President at Aldershot

"Eyes—Front!"

Trying experience of a contingent of the Women's Volunteer Defence Corps in the course of a route march

The British Bushido

CHEERFULNESS THAT COMES BEFORE GODLINESS

SOME years ago, when everything Japanese was all the rage, the word "Bushido" was quite familiar to Englishmen. But the public is no less fickle than are the politicians, and just as a Russo-Japanese Alliance has succeeded a Russo-Japanese war, so the cult of Japan has given way in England to a cult of Russia. Perhaps, then, one might dare to remind people that "Bushido" is the code of conduct for the *samurai*, the military, or, rather, the essentially honourable class of Japan, to which no mere wealth can gain admittance, for which no poverty is too humble. At the time of the Manchurian campaign this class had a great fascination for the English mind, and Mr. H. G. Wells even incorporated it in one of his Utopias as the ideal aristocracy for a modern State.

Very much water has ebbed and flowed under London Bridge since then, and most of Mr. Well's Utopias are quite out of date, as all good Utopias soon should be, but the ideal of a "Bushido" for the nation has never quite vanished, albeit preached under many names and in many guises. The Boy Scout movement, after all, is only "Bushido" for the young, and other attempts, as admirable if not as successful, have been made to graft something of the kind on to the British nation.

And the funny thing is that the British nation had its own very peculiar version of such a national code of honour all the time, although nobody ever seems to have suspected it until this War showed once and for all that the Briton, despite his many obvious faults, is not at all the invertebrate decadent that the Germans (not to mention some of his own politicians) imagined him to be.

True, the average Briton is not by any means, nor has he ever been, a heroic person in the romantic sense of the word, nor is he, even in his most serious moments, as Puritanical as the people seem to think, who try to make him believe that beer is as dangerous as vodka or absinthe, and ought to be as thoroughly suppressed. On the contrary, one of his most typical failings is an incurable frivolity, so that the dour Englishman of tradition seems about as out of date as most other foreign ideas about England. Paradoxically, but, of course, naturally enough, out of this very failing springs his greatest virtue, his greatest strength, the *real* "Bushido" of England. To be precise, it has become a point of honour with him to remain cheerful in all possible circumstances.

Now I go so far as to say that, in a sense, this is the real religion of England, because it is this which really, practically inspires ordinary Englishmen in their everyday actions, which influences them in moments of trouble and pain. Those who scoff may be asked to remember just two things—firstly, that not the least glorious period of English history, the Elizabethan, was characterised by a very similar ideal; secondly, that this feeling and no other animated what has been, all swagger, all journalistic exaggeration apart, the most heroic army England, or, perhaps, indeed any other country, has ever sent out to fight.

No other army, it is truthfully said, could have survived the retreat from Mons. What is the reason? The Germans are as well-disciplined, the French as brave, the Russians as stolid. The explanation, it seems to me, must be sought in the extraordinary recuperative power that the ingrained habit of cheerfulness at all costs has given to our soldiers.

How incredibly deep this feeling is only those who have personal knowledge of the fighting can realise to the full, but those who read soldiers' letters in the papers, especially, perhaps, those who visit the wounded in the hospitals, can get a very good idea of what it is like. To hear a man, whose nerves, you know, are so shattered that he can hardly bear the idea of going back to the front, make jokes about "Jack Johnsons" and "Black Marias" is to begin to understand the heroism of this typically English kind.

No wonder the Prussians, whose speciality is to understand nobody but themselves, have christened our soldiers "the smiling devils." The average Teuton is as likely to appreciate this peculiar characteristic of our race as to understand Debussy's music. He cannot realise that as much strength can come from a smile as from a frown—if not more. Perhaps even we ourselves did not quite realise that our greatest strength lay, not in the high-falutin' ideals we talked and wrote about, but in the essentially unheroic mixture of merits and defects that nobody ever troubled to think about at all. Let us be quite candid—as a nation we have put cheerfulness before godliness, and the result (though, inverted, it might have been even more wonderful) has been sufficiently remarkable. Or can it be that, perhaps, the British "Bushido" is not so very far removed from a kind of godliness, after all?

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

An Incident at——

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE three men sat at their cards at a table in the corner of a little café in the main street of "a place in Belgium." He whom the other two spoke of as "Daddy," a dissipated looking man of about fifty, was having some trouble with his cards, which he was sorting clumsily and with trembling fingers. Presently, as they dropped from his hands altogether, he swept them to the floor, and became conversational instead.

"No, no, Cottier," he said, addressing himself, to the elder of his companions, "the Prussians will never come here. *Écoute!* The moment they were here we could blow up all the canal bridges outside the town and we should have them in a trap. There is no road hither that does not lead over a bridge. If all the bridges were destroyed the Prussians would have no way out, either forward or backward. They are not fools, these Prussians. They know that as well as I, I who speak."

Cottier nodded assent with the manner of one too indolent to debate the matter. Lafitte, the youngest man of the company, and the proprietor of the café, exchanged glances with his wife, who was busy at the counter.

"Daddy isn't very sober," he said with the indulgent smile of a man for a man's failing.

"Daddy never is!" retorted Madame with a curl of her dainty lip. "There are times when I am ashamed to own that he is my father."

"Daddy" Dupont made a sweeping movement with his hand as if to show to all whom it might concern that he brushed away without malice his daughter's unfilial sentiments and again begged that his friend Cottier would believe that the "Boches" could never get inside the town, and that, therefore, the recent edict that absinthe must not be stored in the cafés was an instance of ridiculously misplaced Spartan severity. His further eloquence being cut short by a fit of drowsiness, he let his head sink on his folded arms and slept peacefully.

Cottier rose, and, having saluted Madame with his customary ceremony, went out in search of more cheerful company. Lafitte got up from his chair and went to the counter to talk to his wife. He walked with a limp, and she protested as she patted his hand that he had no right to exert himself so much.

Henri Lafitte knew something of war. He had been "out there." He was not a talkative man; only a thoughtful, silent patriot who chafed at the inactivity compelled by his wound when there was so much to be done that he might have hoped to do. His story to his friends at the café had been very brief. A fragment of a Prussian shell had hit him in the knee. For two days and two nights he lay where he had fallen, at intervals gnawing potatoes that he had dug with his fingers from the soil about him to soothe his awful thirst. But, he had added with a shrug of the shoulders, there were others worse than he.

Henri answered his young wife's protest with a gentle smile. His wound was nearly well. He could walk now almost without difficulty.

A man dashed in at the door of the café. A little man, hatless and dishevelled, his face covered with blood from a wanton sabre-cut on his right cheek, his voice low and hoarse like the growl of an angry dog.

"Have you heard, Corporal?" he said. "The 'Boches' have come in at last. My God! it is terrible. I was there, I, a peaceful citizen. Look at me!"

He darted out of the café as he had darted in, to carry his news farther on.

Lafitte exchanged glances with his wife. "I must go," he said, quietly, drawing his fingers away from the hand in which she strove to hold them captive. "The citizens must be told to keep quiet. They can do no good by resisting, and may do much harm. They will listen to me. *Courage, p'tite femme!* I will be back in an hour or so."

Marie Lafitte kissed her husband tenderly. As he walked to the door she was putting her hands to her face, when he looked back and caught her in the act. He held up a warning finger. "I said, '*courage*,' Marie. Remember that."

Marie walked to the door and watched her husband limping rapidly down the street until he was lost to sight. Then she came back to where her unhappy father lay sleeping, and shook him roughly by the shoulder.

Dupont moved uneasily for a moment, and then his snores proclaimed that the temporary interruption to his peaceful slumber had been, happily, of no serious importance.

"Brute!" exclaimed Marie, going back to the door and looking anxiously down the street that was now crowded with hurrying parties of men, women, and children, some with their few household gods heaped on their bent backs, others with nothing—nothing but the abiding fear of a merciless pursuit.

The hour for the midday meal came and went, but Marie gave it no thought. She could think only of Henri, her husband, and pray that no harm had come to him. Another hour went by, and her prayers had become nothing more than an incoherent moan. No one was safe where the Prussians were. They were so inhuman, so . . .

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of heavy marching. A Prussian lieutenant with drawn sword strode down the street at the head of a small party of his men. By his side walked a man in the dress of the Garde Civile, whom Marie recognised as one who knew her husband. Behind the soldiers, at a respectful distance, was a crowd of citizens with white faces and set lips.

As the procession reached the little café the Garde Civile saluted the Prussian, and then pointing to Marie said quietly: "It is here, my lieutenant."

Marie stepped forward quickly, tremblingly. "What is it?" she asked breathlessly. "What do you want with me?"

The Prussian officer halted his men abruptly. He took no notice of Marie's question. He did not give her even an informal salute. In a loud voice he read in guttural French from a type-written paper in his hand. Marie had only an indistinct idea of what he read, but it was to the effect that on the entry of the Imperial troops into the place they had been most wickedly fired upon by some unknown person. A Prussian soldier had been killed, and it became necessary, therefore, that justice should be immediately

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(*Continued on page 96*)

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(Continued from page 94)

done. Ten of the citizens had been seized, and would be shot one hour before sunset. The name of one of the men was—Henri Lafitte.

Marie gave a scream, and ran forward. The Garde Civile intercepted her and pleaded with her, for her own sake, and for the sake of all the innocent citizens near, to make no disturbance. As the awful helplessness of her position came to her, she broke down and wept.

The Prussian officer nodded his approval. "It is well that she weeps," he said. "Let the people see her. It will prove to them that we are to be feared."

Instantly Marie drew herself up. Biting her lip fiercely, she folded her arms and looked the Prussian full and fearlessly in the face. Then slowly she turned her proud gaze on her countrymen about her. A murmur of applause went up from the civilians, and the Prussian officer, in his discomfiture, gripped his sword more tightly and looked about him for another victim. In the momentary confusion, the Garde Civile found the time to whisper to Marie.

"Tell your father, Madame. He speaks German, I know. Tell him to go to the Mairie and see the Captain of the 'Boches.' If he pleads well, and, above all, respectfully, he may save Monsieur Lafitte yet."

An instant later the procession was on the march, being guided towards the house of the next victim by the Garde Civile.

Marie turned rapidly into the café. "Daddy" was slumbering less heavily, and she woke him with a single shake. Having satisfied herself that he was able to understand the purport of her words, she explained the position rapidly. "Daddy" was at first inclined to believe himself the victim of a hoax, so satisfied was he that it was impossible for the "Boches" to have entered the town. He was still disposed to argue that the time had come for blowing up the bridges when Marie appealed to him tearfully since her wrath was lost upon him entirely.

"Why, yes, my child," he said, blinking his eyes and making a strong effort to control his thoughts. "I will go and see the Captain. He will receive me, since I speak the language. A little quarter of an hour to prepare myself, and you may count on me. I have persuasive powers, I who speak to you. *Nous verrons!*"

In less than the time stipulated for, "Daddy" was ready to set out. He wore his Sunday clothes, and he carried his best green umbrella, while the wet condition of his head announced with a quiet, but convincing eloquence the effects of a shower bath at the pump. It seemed to Marie that for the first time she could remember her father was absolutely sober. He kissed her with an unwonted gentleness, and begged her to believe that all would be well. The Prussian General could not resist so persuasive a pleader as himself.

"Daddy" Dupont did not find entrance to the Mairie so easy as he had anticipated. Instead of being able to approach the Captain as a man and a brother, as he had imagined he was about to do, he was marched into the august presence more or less under arrest.

"*Sie Wunschen?*" said the Captain, hardly looking up from the paper before him.

"It is of my son-in-law that I speak, Herr Captain. He is condemned to die for no fault of his own. He is a brave fellow, a wounded soldier, a comrade. I, too, have been a soldier. I speak as a soldier to—to his superior officer"—and "Daddy" gave a very correct salute. "My son-in-law, my daughter's husband, Herr Captain, he has earned his right to live."

"Let him find a substitute, then," said the Prussian, abruptly, still bending over his papers.

"But, Herr Captain," insisted "Daddy" in his most persuasive tones, "you know that would be difficult, if not impossible. Besides, he would not consent to it. But you have power. With a stroke of your pen——"

The Prussian Captain waved his hand to the guard to indicate that he found no further pleasure in "Daddy's" company, and resumed his reading of the papers.

"Daddy" Dupont was pushed out as far as the threshold. Then he turned once more in final appeal.

"*Herr Kapitän!*" he cried.

"Address yourself to the guard," said the Captain. "I refuse to discuss the matter."

. . . . . .

Madame Marie Lafitte shut up the café with her own hands. She made herself as busy as possible to try and stop herself from thinking. She waited half an hour for her father's return, and then she walked in the direction of the Mairie. In another three hours at the most her husband's life would be forfeit, unless "Daddy's" eloquence had prevailed in the meantime.

Outside the Mairie was a type-written copy of the notice that the Prussian lieutenant had read aloud to her. And there, in clear and horribly neat letters, was the name of Henri Lafitte. It did not seem to her to be possible that the Prussians could be so cruel. And yet. . . . She tried not to think of it. She decided to wait there till her father came out. If he had failed she would herself make her way to the presence of the officer in charge and plead with him for mercy as only the despairing can plead.

It was nearing the hour. Marie, sick and faint, could wait at the Mairie no longer. She walked back to the café as quickly as she could in order to give herself something to do, and to prevent herself from going mad. It seemed to her for a moment that she really was mad, when she saw, or thought she saw, Henri himself standing at the door of their home. But it was Henri, nevertheless. And this time, as she fell into his arms, he let her cry without a protest.

"They decided to let me go, after all," he said, laughingly. "They are not so bad, these 'Boches.'"

"It was 'Daddy' who pleaded for you," she said. "It is the best day's work he ever did. Let us go and meet him as he comes from the Mairie."

They walked back to the Mairie together, so that they might meet "Daddy" on his way home, and felicitate him gratefully on the success of his eloquent pleading. At the door of the Mairie, Henri started forward to look at the notice that was posted there. His wife followed his glance, and then clung fearfully to her husband's arm.

From the list of the victims of Prussian "justice" the name of Henri Lafitte had been erased, and on the top of it in blue pencil had been roughly scrawled, "Georges Dupont, Volunteer Substitute."

A few moments later, from a distance of no more than a hundred yards from where they stood, two volleys, one immediately following the other, rang out sharply.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE
BYSTANDER
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No. 581.—Vol. XLV. Wednesday, January 20, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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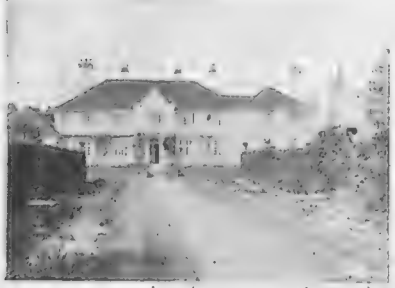

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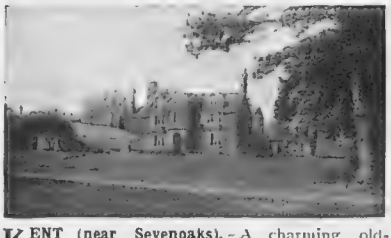

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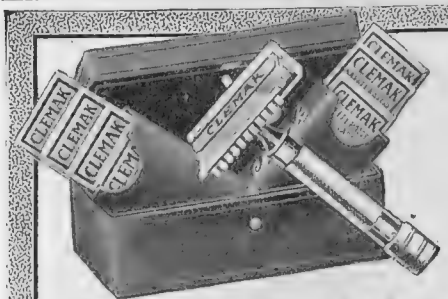

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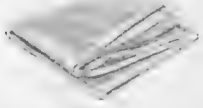

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The Strangle-Hold on Motoring

HOW THE STATE MIGHT COUNTER IT

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Firstly Fuel

LAST week, the spirit moving me, I touched upon a question of spirit—that essential "essence" which serves as fuel for the internal combustion engine which is the power-plant of the car—*and* the aeroplane; *and*, in its distinctive form, of the submarine and various sloops of war. Dealing with its imperial aspect as a matter of high national importance not only in military affairs, but in the economic affairs of commerce, I ventured a plea for intimate Governmental interest in the production of home-made fuel (benzol and alcohol particularly), with a view to securing the country against a possible shortage.

***

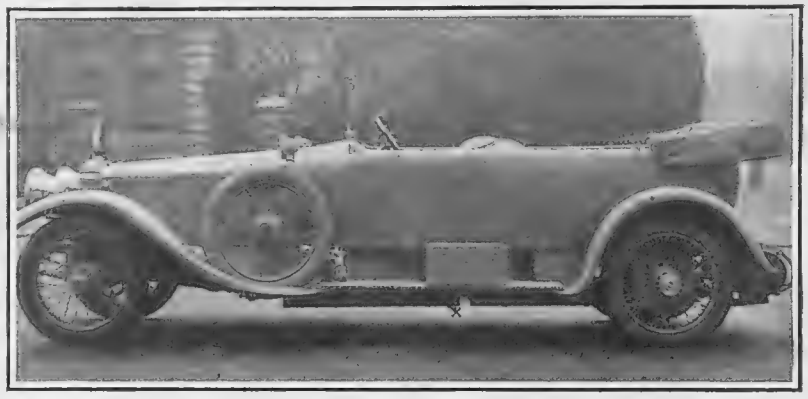
A National Peril

This week we may profitably run on to other issues more or less forced upon consideration by the war. While the Government is moving (if ever it does) in the arena of the motor-car, it might, having taken the steps I hope it will take to build up a new industry devoted to the production of motor spirit, first of all see to it that, for the future, it has an adequate reserve of motor vehicles for every likely national contingency, and, secondly, secure some guarantee that every component part of its cars, and every accessory essential to efficiency, shall be available, and, so far as possible, manufactured at home. This war has again emphasised the entirely disquieting fact that indispensable parts of the nationally indispensable automobile are imported from foreign countries, notably Belgium and Germany. The sudden cutting-off of supplies from both countries has made a problem of very grave dimensions, a problem that might easily press severely upon military transport in an emergency, and that certainly does press most uncomfortably upon the motor industry to-day.

***

The Strangle-hold

Of course, it may quite forcefully be submitted that the manufacturer has himself very much to blame for the fact that his all-British vehicle is often a hybrid of foreign parts as to 50 per cent. of it. This, however, is not the time to rail. It serves no useful purpose at any time.



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The fact remains to be dealt with that he has, whether by his own fault or not, allowed foreign manufacturers to get him in a form of strangle-hold. How that hold may be countered and the warrior set upon his feet again, is the problem.

***

A State Job

It is a problem which private enterprise is quite capable of solving in its own time; but its own time may not be quick enough for national purposes. Private enterprise necessarily thinks in terms of private demand and of immediate returns upon invested capital. Imperial contingencies do not strike it quite so shrewdly. Therefore, the Government might fairly and without undue interference with the liberty of the subject, take a hand. There is much experimental work to be done, much investigation into the possibilities of metallurgical science. The State can do it; not so much in the interests of the industry, as in the interests of national efficiency.

***

A Little Foster-Parentage

Clearly we should not be dependent upon Germany or America for magnetos, nor upon Belgium nor any other foreign source for steels and castings which might well be British products. The Government might make itself responsible for a thorough overhaul of the situation, not, of course, in competition with private enterprise, but as a sort of foster parent. The motor industry is now moving. It has appointed a committee to look into the question of the most suitable steels. It is manufacturing magnetos—or getting ready so to do. A little generous foster-parentage by the State would stimulate matters and help them along. After home-made fuel, a full supply of the best home-made materials of automobile construction is of the essence of the case. And after that, or before it, a reserve of motor vehicles, specially designed for national service in the light of the experience of this war, as distinguished from the hastily conceived, often unsatisfactory, adaptations, which have to be pressed into military use.

COLCHESTER'S CONTRIBUTION

Towards the comfortable convalescence of the wounded takes the form of a 15-18 h.p. Bedford-Buick motor ambulance, excellently equipped at the Company's own body-building works, and boasting, among other advantages, a complete Delco engine-starting and lighting installation

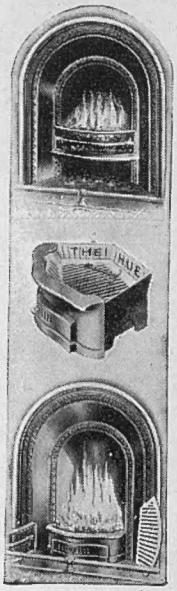
HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

A New Home Treatment for Removing Superfluous Hair Permanently.

The very first experiment recorded was made over six years ago, when a patch of hair was removed from the leg of a gentleman who was extremely sceptical. The spot has been absolutely bare ever since. The hair never grew again. It is, therefore, fairly safe to assume—after a period of six years — that the removal is permanent. The process is very simple, and may be carried out with such ease and simplicity that it is sure to find favour with ladies who are troubled with disfiguring growths of hair upon the face and arms. Phelactine contains no drugs or chemicals whatever; it may therefore be used upon the most delicate skin, without fear of burns or scars. Phelactine is melted in the flame of a candle until it becomes of a syrup-like consistency, and in this state is applied to the objectionable hair growths It is removed almost immediately and the hair comes away with it—*by the root.* That is the important point. Each root may be seen with the naked eye, and everybody knows that a hair cannot grow without a root. About 12 grammes should be obtained, from any chemist, and applied as directed.

How much MONEY do you WASTE on Coal?

SEE HOW THE "HUE" FIRE WILL STOP THE WASTE.



You probably have an old-fashioned grate like No. 1 which wastes the coal and gives little heat. Why not convert it into a modern barless fire? The cost is small and the operation simple.

No. 2 is the HUE BARLESS FIRE which effects the transformation. It is adaptable to any existing grate, without pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove.

No. 3 is the same stove, showing effect produced by the HUE. More heat is given out in the room with about half the coal consumption. Not mere assertion, but proved by actual tests. The HUE is clean, and hygienic. It has been installed in thousands of private houses, and adopted by the principal Railway Companies, Hotels and Institutions. Without question it is the most efficient Barless Fire on the market, and is equally suitable for large or small rooms.

Price from 15/-.

POST FREE

A beautifully illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and many other important points. Send a post-card now to

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,
(Dept. B), **Stratford, London, E.**

Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Fires, which by their very construction can never be satisfactory. Word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

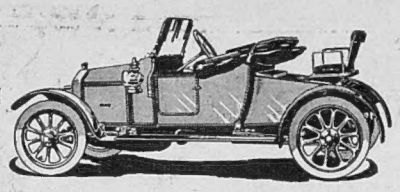
SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/3 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINNES LTD., Finsbury, London.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.



Officers of LORD KITCHENER'S ARMY AND TERRITORIAL FORCES

who require Light Cars for their duties during training should investigate the merits of

THE STELLITE LIGHT CAR

(Wolseley design)

Made in the VICKERS' Works with VICKERS' World-renowned steel. STELLITE CARS are light, reliable, and exceedingly economical. They will run through deep mud and on bad roads that cannot be traversed conveniently by heavier Cars. During the next few weeks a special display of these Cars available for immediate delivery will be held in the showroom of the London Agents:— WOLSELEY MOTORS, Ltd., YORK ST., WESTMINSTER.

Petrol consumption— 30-40 miles per gallon. **Very low tyre consumption. Unique springing.**

Price, COMPLETE, ready for road, **£167:0:0** (Dickey Seat £2:10:0 extra.)

THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO., LTD. (Proprietors, VICKERS Limited). ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the world.

D. A, Ltd.

Sessel Pearls

are perfect reproductions. Made by a secret process which imparts the sheen, delicacy of tone, and durability of the finest Oriental Pearls. No pearl will stand more tests than ours, and we offer one hundred guineas to anyone who will show us a more perfect duplicate of the real pearl.

Brochure No. 4, on request, post free.
Special attention paid to Post Orders.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls, with Plain Gold Clasp, in handsome fitted case .. .. .. **£4 4s.**
Real Diamond Clasp, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre .. from **£2 2s.**
Sessel Pearl Rings, Studs, Earrings, Scarf Pins in Gold Mountings .. .. from **£1 10s.**

Old Jewels taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL, 14, New Bond St., London, W.
(directly opposite Asprey's).

Fashions of To-Day and To-Morrow

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THERE are some long-faced, lugubrious people who are trying to make out there will be no new fashions this Spring. Well, let them wait and see. My contention all along has been that no matter how we women may feel disposed or be constrained to curtail our dress expenditure, there is neither logic, nor sense, nor saving, in buying dowdy clothes. We have had to have Winter things, and we shall, all going well, need Spring garments. Meanwhile, war or no war, the Fashion Muse is busily at work on her job, and we are in, let me tell you, for some startling changes, chiefly based on simplicity and more commonsense lines than have been the case for some long while.

The Attractions of the Cape-Back Coat

Not for the world would I tread upon anybody's toes. But, frankly, have we not had just enough of the belted coat? There are times and seasons yet when doubtless a belt of some sort or another will be apropos and pleasing on a coat. But when the latter aims at anything other than the severely practical there is, surely, more distinction in an undefined or only sparsely defined waist. And for proof of this bold assertion take the example sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. Such a wrap, of course, is destined for the immediate moment, with its conspicuous fur trimmings, and I make bold to say that nothing like it has been picked up at the sales, not even by the most vigilant bargain-monger.

Maybe, however, there has been secured a length of soft cloth, *suède velour*, or velvet, and any in doubt what to do with such possessions may safely study the accompanying suggestion with a view to having it materialised at the very earliest possible moment. For it is a *manteau* calculated to assist many a *démodé* frock to a successful winter demise.

Its chief point of interest, I may explain, lies in a straight cut allied with fulness. In front there is a faint indication of a long waist-line, necessitated by the separate addition of the basque there, which allows of the sleeves being cut in one with a quite loose cape-like back. The whole scheme is replete with clever *ligne*, and original touches, such as the termination of the deep skunk border at either side, a detail that furthermore enhances the cape *mouvement*.

The fur collar is fashionably mountainous, and, therefore, helps to accentuate the small neat head and tiny hat. Only two buttons are used, and these, again, are mammoth in size, comprising black jet rims surrounding beaten copper centres. The muff is likewise Brobdingnagian, and the whole figure finely expressive of the approved pose of the hour.

THE MANTEAU OF THE MOMENT

Cape-back coat specially designed for "The Bystander" and fully described on this page, its keynote being a straight cut allied with fulness

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

A Penchant for Black and Grey

There is something uncommonly attractive in this alliance, as it is now worked out. Black is invariably the predominant note, the grey playing a subsidiary part. Thus a black *tulle* evening-gown will be deeply draped about the hips with a sash of grey brocade, or, again, a black velvet drawn on to a corsage of grey *tulle*, ornamented with a garniture of grey jet. Smart little black cloth Street costumes are being turned out with grey fur, which, as the season advances, will doubtless be replaced by grey cloth facings and vests. And I have seen the dearest little *ninon* and vellum-toned lace blouses destined to be worn with black skirts. Black and grey is an assured vogue, with an accent on the black!

Bargains at Messrs. Hamptons'

At Messrs. Hamptons' great January sale are to be found quite an unprecedented number of bargains—one of the unavoidable results of the

TO-DAY and until 30th inst.

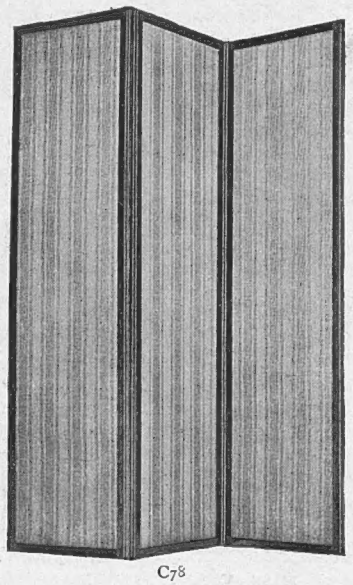
HAMPTONS' Great Furnishing SALE

The 1914 Season's accumulation of shop-soiled models of Easy Chairs, Settees and Chesterfields will be CLEARED at about HALF PRICE.

C63. 16 Wing d Easy Chairs, upholstered all hair, and covered in good-wearing tapestry. As illustrated.

Usual price 70/-
Reduced to 59/6

C51. **16 Large Comfortable Wicker Chairs,** upholstered in taffeta. As illustrated. Usual price 35/- **Reduced to 28/6.**



C78

C47

C47. **12 Settees** upholstered all hair, with two loose cushions, covered in damask. As illustrated.

Usual Price £8 10 0
Reduced to £6 12 6

C78. **13 3-Fold Material Screens,** with wood margin, size 5ft. 9in. by 18in. As illustrated

Being Cleared at 19/6 each.

A number of shop-soiled SCREENS are being cleared at HALF PRICE.

For thousands of other unequalled Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Fabrics, Curtains, Linen, Wall-Papers, Screens, Pianos, Fine Arts, China, Ironmongery, etc., see the Illustrated Sale Catalogue of

HAMPTON & SONS, Ld., Pall Mall East, LONDON, S.W.

CUSTOMERS in the PROVINCES are reminded that Hamptons' Clearance Reductions enable them to save, many times over, the cost of a visit to London. Remnants, Saturday, 30th *inst.*

THE SIX ALLIES

for the protection

of our Homes and Health.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap Protects from Infection. *4d Per Tablet.*

war. For instance, one of the firm's specialities, suites of furniture for an entire house, and other pieces of furniture selected with a special object, will be sold at a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. In the carpet department there are seventy Irish handmade carpets going at half-price and less; 750 seamless Axminsters at a saving of 2*s.* 6*d.* per square yard; and over 2,000 yards of Axminster carpeting reduced from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.* per yard. Again, some double-width cretonnes are marked down as much as 80 per cent., and there are jaspe curtains with a brocade border costing only 27*s.* 6*d.* in place of 38*s.* 6*d.* Half-price, moreover, is the order of the day in the case of a large accumulation of sample Irish damask tablecloths and some sample dozens of napkins, while in the matter of china and glass there are thirty tea services, Nankin decoration, reduced from 32*s.* to 21*s.* These, of course, are only a tithe of the things which I could mention if my allotted space were greater, and if a personal visit to the firm's premises in Pall Mall is impossible an illustrated catalogue, which they will forward on request, is the next best thing. They wish to emphasise the fact that they have no connection whatsoever with any other furnishing house.

British Throughout

Various rumours have recently been circulated (the origin of which it is impossible at the moment to trace) that Bluebell Metal Polish, which has such an enormous sale in this country, is not only not a British-made article, but that it is actually connected with German enterprise. Such a statement, if uncontradicted, would undoubtedly have the effect of diminishing the popularity and sale of this largely used polish. Messrs. Reckitt and Sons, Ltd., of Hull and London, the well-known proprietors of Reckitt's Blue, Robin Starch, Enameline, etc., are the actual and sole proprietors of the Bluebell Metal Polish, which is entirely British and always has been, and is manufactured solely at their Fulham Works, London, and it is only fair to them to make this fact public. The same is true of the popular Brasso and Shinio Metal Polishes, both of which are entirely British made and owned.

MISS VJERA HAZEL

A young dancer of great promise and a pupil of Madame Vernon. She took a prominent part in the "matinée dansante" at the new Rehearsal Theatre last Friday in aid of the "Weekly Dispatch" Tobacco Fund

"Black and White"

The delightful series of naval pictures by Charles Pears which Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. (of Scotch Whisky fame) are now using in their press advertisements are admirable illustrations, full of topical interest, and quite in keeping with their other well-known studies in black and white.

Royal Patronage

Recent testimony to the widespread preference shown for British-made goods is to be found in the fact that the well-known manufacturers of baby carriages, bath-chairs and other equipment for invalids, Messrs. Hitchings, Ltd., of 86, New Bond Street, 329, Oxford Street, and 45, Knightsbridge, with branches in Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow, have recently been favoured with an order for a baby-carriage by H.M. the Queen of Italy.

Lawn Tennis and the War

We have been asked to announce that the Committee of the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, having considered the position arising from the War, has decided, for the present, to make no arrangements in connection with the Lawn Tennis Championships for 1915.

The Menu: Some Oyster Dishes

Oyster Cutlets
Oysters à la Crême
Oyster Croquettes
Oyster Patties
Oyster Soufflé
Oyster Soup

Oyster Cutlets

Mix about ½ lb. of veal with the same weight of large stewing oysters, chop all very finely, and then pound them together, adding 2 oz. of finely chopped veal suet, and three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs which have been soaked in the liquor from the oysters; season with a little salt, white pepper, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Mix all thoroughly with the beaten yolks of two eggs, and make it into the shape of cutlets. Dip in egg and breadcrumb and fry in butter. Send to table very hot, and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

Oysters à la Crême

Put two dozen oysters with their liquor into a saucepan and let them get hot. Melt 2½ oz. of butter, and stir into it 1½ oz. of flour. Stir till well blended, and then gradually add the oyster liquor, when it has thickened, stir in a gill of cream. Take off the fire, and add some finely chopped parsley, pepper, salt, a little cayenne, and a few drops of lemon-juice. Cut up the oysters, and put them into the prepared sauce. Turn it into shells or little casseroles, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and brown quickly in the oven.

Oyster Croquettes

Beard two dozen large cooking oysters, drain and chop them, and mix in a basin with ½ lb. of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of butter, two tablespoonfuls of white sauce, pepper, cayenne, and a little lemon-juice. Stir over a slow fire to get warm through, then spread on a plate to cool. Shape the mixture into small cork shapes, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Drain well, garnish with fried parsley and serve very hot.

Oyster Patties

Make some good puff pastry, and line some small moulds with it, bake in a quick oven till cooked. Prepare a mixture made of oysters and small button mushrooms (two oysters to one mushroom), all cut into dice, stir them into some white sauce, put them in the pastry-cases into the oven to get hot through, sprinkle the tops with fried parsley, and serve very hot.

Oyster Soufflé

Rub through a sieve 4 oz. of whiting or fresh haddock. Make a panada of 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, stir into it the fish and the yolks of two eggs. Beat the whites to a froth, and stir in. Now add six oysters cut up and a gill of cream. Put into a soufflé-tin, and steam for one and a half hours. Turn out carefully, and pour round a nicely flavoured white sauce.

Oyster Soup (Inexpensive)

Cut up into neat pieces the meat from a cow-heel, and put into a saucepan with about three pints of good stock, adding cayenne and salt to taste. Thicken with a little cornflour, and let it simmer for three hours. Ten minutes before serving put in a dozen oysters, or more if desired, and their liquor. Add a glass of sherry, and serve. EMILIA